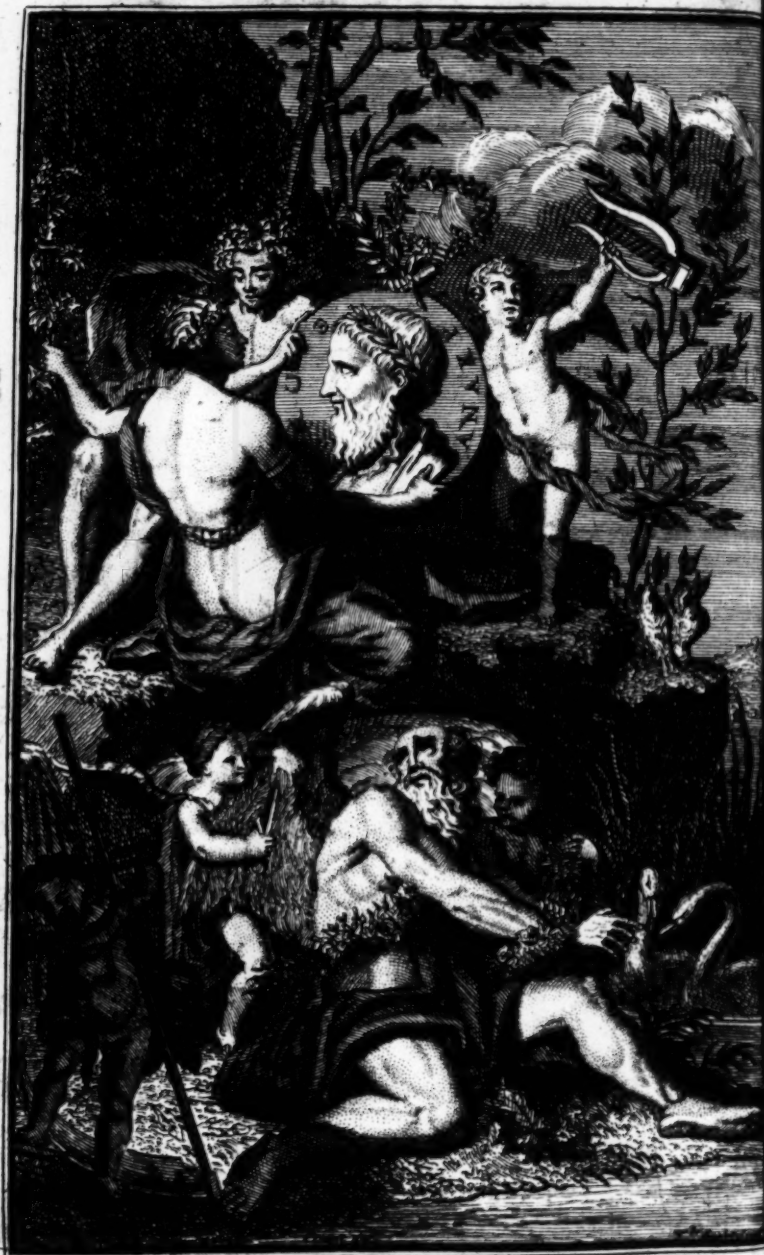
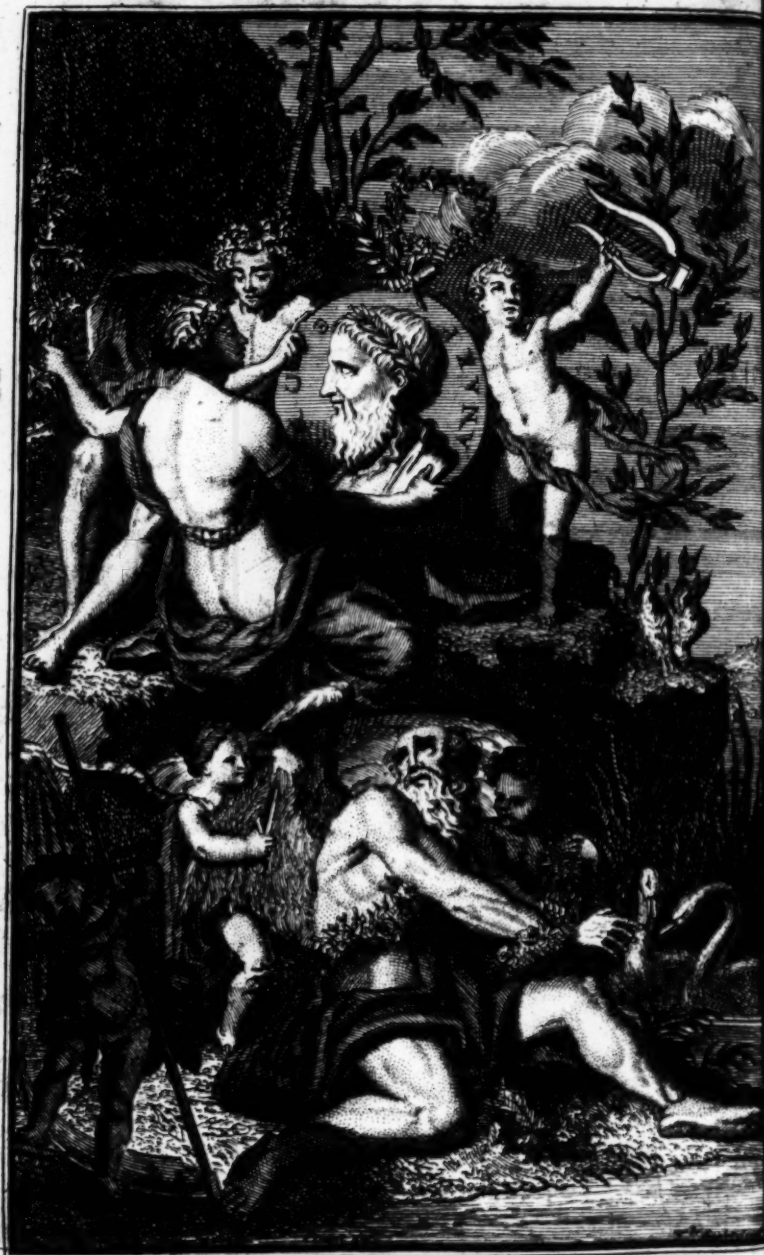




*Here Bacchus Satiety Inspires,
Venus approves the Poet's Fires,
The God of Love exalts his Praise,
And All combine to give the Bays.*



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Venus approves the Poet's Fires,
The God of Love exalts his Praise,
And All combine to give the Bays.*

237/R/38
THE
WORKS
OF
ANACREON,
AND
SAPPHO.

Done from the *Greek*, by several Hands.

With their LIVES Prefix'd.

To which is added,

The *Prize of Wisdom*. A Dialogue between ANACREON and ARISTOTLE. By M. FONTENELLE.

ALSO

BION's Idyllium,
Upon the Death of ADONIS.
By the Earl of WINCHELSEA.

LONDON:

Printed for E. Curll at the Dial and Bible in Fleet-street; and A. Bettefworth, at the Red Lion on London-Bridge. 1713. Price 2s. Where may be had Mr. Creech's Translation of Theocritus. Price 2s. 6d.

THE
WORKS
OF
ANACREON
AND
SAPPHO



Donation of the Society of Lovers of the Arts

With their Lives Prefixed

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The Poems of Anacreon. A Dis-
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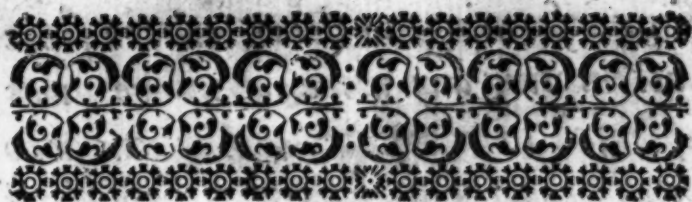
ALSO

BIOGRAPHICAL

Upon the Death of A. D. 1711.
By the Earl of W. in CHURCH.

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Printed for E. Smith and S. B. in Fleet-
street: and W. Woodcock, at the Red Lion on
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Price 1s. 6d.



T H E

P R E F A C E.

IT will be necessary to give the Reader some Account of the Translation of the Poet he is here presented with, and to whom, and how far we are indebted for any Assistance in this Work.

The First who endeavour'd to give Anacreon an English Dress, was the Incomparable Mr. Cowley, whose Judgment in chusing might be as apt to excite, as his Happiness

a in

The Preface.

in performing to deter others from attempting any more than he was pleased to translate. Any one who will give themselves the Trouble of comparing what He has done, may at first View discover that Mr. Cowley has imitated rather the Spirit and Fancy of the Poet, than follow'd his Words or Thoughts closely, and his Example is a sufficient Authority for those who follow'd Him. Neither has He been very exact in his Verses, but seems to have writ with a loose and free Air, and to have made his Numbers in many Places irregular on purpose.

After Him, who needs no other Character than the bare mention of his Name, we met with a Translation

The Preface.

tion of near the whole of this Poet, printed in 1683. at Oxford, the Author of which professes to have taken Mr. Cowley for his Pattern, and has imitated his Manner very well, tho' perhaps with too great a Licence. What he has done is compar'd with the Greek, and corrected in many Places, and in others new translated, and some few remaining Parts printed in later Editions than were used by them, are added.

Beside these, the excellent Imitations of my Lord Rochester, and Mr. Oldham of the two Cups, are inserted as we found them in their respective Works.

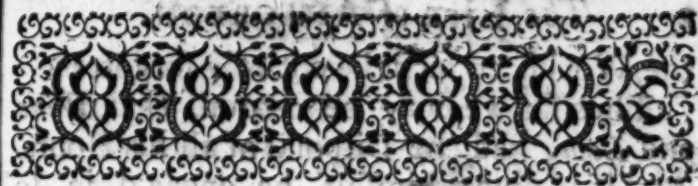
The Preface.

Whether the whole, as it now appears, is any thing comparable to what has been seen before, or is in any way entertaining, is left to the Public to judge.

London, June 12.

1713.

G. S.



THE
LIFE
OF
ANACREON.

ANACREON was born at *Teos** in *Ionia*; which was the Reason of his using that *Dialect* in his Works. He commonly is plac'd about the 62d *Olympiad*, under *Polycrates*, the Prince or (as they call'd it then) the *Tyrant* of *Samos*, with whom he is said to have been highly in Favour. We can't expect many Particulars of his Life, because he seems to have been a profess'd Despisers of all Business and Concerns of the World. And since he design'd his whole Age meerly for one Merry Fit, it were rather a Piece of Civility than of Injustice in

* *Strab. Lib. 13. fuid.*

2 *The LIFE of ANACREON.*

the World, to let it be entirely forgotten.

Thus far we may be certain, that *Wine* and *Love*, had the Disposal of all his Hours. And if to divert himself, he engag'd in so delightful a Study as Poetry; perhaps his Intention was, rather to pay his Respects to some other Deities, than to compliment the Muses. *Ovid* himself, tho' one of the freest Livers upon Record, yet could censure *Anacreon's* Verses, as of a looser Humour than his own.

*Quid nisi cum multo Venerem confundere vino,
Precepit Lyrici Teia Musa Semis?*

Venus with *Bacchus* madly to confound,
Was all the Wise Advice the *Teian* Lyre
could sound.

His Tippling was as famous in the World as his Poetry: And, when we find his Statue in *Pausanias* * habited like a *Lyric* Professor; we hear at the same time, that it was better distinguish'd by the Posture of a Drunkard.

As to the other part of his Profession, *Love*: He appears to have been equally enamour'd of both Sexes; and to have shown as great a Veneration for *Cupid*, as he did for

The LIFE of ANACREON. 3.

Venus. * *Ælian* indeed is very angry, if we suspect *Anacreon* of any Dishonesty toward the Train of fine Boys whom he admir'd. But the general Cry runs so loud against the Poet in this Point; that there's no need of his own ὡ παῖ παρθένοιον βλέπων, to prove that he lov'd his *Minions* on no better account than he did his *Mistresses*.

Hermesianax, as he is cited in † *Athenæus*, gives an Account of *Anacreon's* Amours with *Sappho*. But *Athenæus* himself refutes the Story; by observing that *Sappho* and *Anacreon* could not possibly be Contemporaries; the Lady living under *Alyattes* Father to *Cresus*, and the Gentleman under *Cyrus* and *Polycrates*. But 'tis grown a Common Wish, that they had flourish'd in the same Age and Country; and had by some nearer Relation, improv'd the happy Agreement of their Temper and of their Wit.

Anacreon was famous for one Quality, not very ordinary with Poets, that of despising Money, when he could get it. For they tell a memorable Story, that when *Polycrates* had made him a Present of five Talents, he could not get a Minute's Sleep in two Nights after; so that, not being willing to lose his Rest in so bad a Cause, he fairly carry'd back the Treasure; and

* Var. Hist. Lib. 9. cap. 4. † Lib. 13. p. 598.

4 *The LIFE of ANACREON.*

told his Patron, that however considerable the Sum might be, it was not an equal Price for the Trouble of keeping it.

We don't hear that he was much given to rambling: Only *Plato* * informs us, that when *Hipparchus* Son to the Tyrant *Pisistratus*, invited him to *Athens*, and sent a Vessel on purpose to convey him, he accepted the Honour, and made a Voyage to that Court.

The same Philosopher who gives this Relation, in another place † does *Anacreon* the Honour to style him ὁ σοφός, *Anakreion*, *The Wise Anacreon*. Which is the Foundation of Monsieur *Fontenelle's* ingenious Dialogue, where he brings in *Anacreon* and *Aristotle* disputing the Prize of Wisdom; and gives the Advantage to the Poet.

What became of him after the *Athenian* Voyage, or where He pass'd his last Minutes, is not on Record. But, as his own Verses confess his Great Age, (tho' not the Effects of it) so *Lucian* reckons him among the Long-livers, allowing him Fourscore and Five Years.

The manner of his Death was very extraordinary. For they tell us, he was choak'd with an unlucky Grape-stone, which slipp'd down, as he was regaling on some

* *Hipparch.* † *Phedr.*

The LIEE of ANACREON.

5

New Wine. * This remarkable End, altogether as odd as his way of Life, has given an excellent Subject to his Successors in Poetry. Among the rest our incomparable Mr. Cowley, who has so happily imitated the Style and Manner of *Anacreon*, has farther repaid his Obligations, by honouring him with an Elegy in his own Strain. The Conclusion is very grave and serious, and the most Fortunate in the World for the Occasion :

It grieves me, when I see what Fate
Does on the best of *Mankind* wait,
Poets or *Lovers* let them be ;

'Tis neither *Love* nor *Poesy*,
Can arm against *Death's* *smallest* Dart,
The *Poet's* *Head* or *Lover's* *Heart*.

But when their *Life* in its Decline

Touches th' *inevitable* *Line* ;

All the *World's* *Mortal* to them then,

And *Wine* is *Aconite* to Men.

Nay in *Death's* Hand the *Grape-stone* proves
As strong as *Thunder* is in *Jove's*.

If it be thought an Advantage to *Anacreon* that he should still enjoy his beloved Ease in spite of the Historians, who have been able only to transmit such short Memorials

* *Plin. Nat. Hist.* l. 7. c. 7. *Val. Max.* l. 8. c. 12.

of

of his Actions; it cannot be esteem'd a meaner Happiness that he has escap'd the more dangerous Disturbance of the Criticks. Indeed both the Blessings, are in a great Measure owing to himself; one to the Condition of his Life, the other to that of his Writings. For as the careless and unconcern'd Freedom of his Manners hindred him from being drawn into the Business of the World, so the beautiful Negligence, and the sweet Gayety of his Odes have kept them from ever forming an ungrateful Field for Learned Quarrels and Encounters.

The Masters of Controversial Philology are utterly disappointed when *Anacreon* falls under their Canvass. He deprives them of all their common Places of Talk. They can produce no tedious Labours, on the Occasions of his Poems; because they were all perfect Humours. They can neither dispute what Examples he follow'd, nor who have follow'd his Example: because the Natural Delicacy of his Pieces disdains a Copier, as much as it did a Pattern. Would they contend about his Numbers, or his Style; they are both too equal to found a Difference. Or would they, as their last Refuge, oppose one Excellency against another; the Virtues of his Poesy, are more closely united than those of the Moralists; and his Graces being all born together, it were unnatural to divide them. The nice

Judges

The LIFE of ANACREON. 7

Judges may safely please themselves, with admiring each a particular Beauty. One may celebrate the happy Novelty of his Thoughts : Another the agreeable Fineness of his Turns ; a third the moving Softness of his Expressions ; and many more declare in favour, either of his Sublimity, or of his Justness, or of his Simplicity, or of his Musical Cadences ; or of whatever they think touches them with most Advantage. But were they all oblig'd to describe the Powers that had charm'd them ; they might very probably appear better Friends than they desir'd.

For a General Character of *Anacreon*, *Cupid* who was the chief Hero of his Verses, has given the best Account of their Worth : as Mr. *Cowley* has taught him to speak.

All thy Verse is softer far,
Than the downy Feathers are
Of my Wings, or of my *Arrows*,
Of my Mother's *Doves*, or *Sparrows*.
Graceful, cleanly, smooth and round :
All with *Venus's Girdle* bound.

We cannot take leave of this Subject, without adding the beautiful Epigram of *Celcius Calpagninus*, upon the Death of this Poet, which we shall give the Original, and Translation.

8 The LIFE of ANACREON.

A Te, Sancte Senex, Acinus sub Tartaru
 misit ;
 Cygnæ clausit qui tibi vocis iter,
 Vos, Hedera tumulum, tumulum Vos cingite,
 Lauri,
 Hoc Rosa perpetuè vernet odora loco ;
 At vitis procul hinc, procul hinc, odiosa faceffat,
 Quæ causam dira protulit Una Necis.
 Creditur ipse minus Vitem jam Bacchus amaræ
 In Vatem tantum quæ fuit ausa nefas.

Hail Bard triumphant, whose melodi-
 ous Breath,
 A Grape-stone stopt, the Thunder-bolt of
 Death.
 Let Ivy now thy envied Tomb surround,
 And let it be with thy own Laurels
 crown'd ;
 Let grateful Roses od'rous Offerings bring,
 And here enjoy an Everlasting Spring ;
 But hence, far hence be plac'd the treache-
 rous Vine,
 That made Immortal Thee to Death resign
 Bacchus himself abhors it now, and grieves
 It kill'd a Poet in whose Verse it lives.

THE
WORKS
OF
ANACREON

ODE I. LOVE.

I'LL sing of *Heroes*, sing of *Kings*;
In mighty Numbers, mighty Things.
Begin, my *Muse*; but lo the Strings }
To my great *Song* rebellious prove;
The Strings will sound of nought but *Love*.
I broke them all, and put on New;
'Tis this or nothing sure will do.
These sure (said I) will me obey;
These sure *Heroic Notes* will play.
Strait I began with thund'ring *Jove*.
And all th' *Immortal Powers* but *Love*,
Love smil'd, and from m' enfeebled *Lyre*
Came gentle *Ayres*, such as inspire
Melting *Love*, soft *Desire*.

B

Fare-

Farewel then *Heroes*, farewel *Kings*,
 And mighty *Numbers*, mighty *Things*;
Love tunes my *Heart* just to my *Strings*.

II. BEAUTY.

Liberal *Nature* did dispense
 To all things *Arms* for their Defence;
 And some she arms, with sin'wy Force;
 And some with *Swiftness* in the Course;
 Some with hard *Hoofs*, or forked *Claws*,
 And some with *Horns*, or tusk'd *Jaws*;
 And some with *Scales*, and some with *Wings*,
 And some with *Teeth*, and some with *Stings*.
Wisdom to *Man* she did afford,
Wisdom for *Shield*, and *Wit* for *Sword*.
 What to *Beauteous Woman-kind*,
 What *Arms*, what *Armour* has sh' assign'd?
Beauty is both; for with the *Fair*
 What *Arms*, what *Armour* can compare?
 What *Steel*, what *Gold*, or *Diamond*,
 More *Impassible* is found?
 And yet what *Flame*, what *Lightning* e're
 So great an active Force did bear?
 They are all *Weapon*, and they dart
 Like *Porcupines* from every Part.
 Who can, alas, their Strength express,
 Arm'd, when they themselves undress,
 Cap-a-pee with *Nakedness*?

III. CUPID, or the Cunning Beggar.

AT Midnight, when the *Star* again
Was turning to *Bootes*, Wane,
When Sleep upon each drooping Head,
His gentle Silken Chain had spread,
All lovely Limbs in Bed repos'd,
And ev'ry pretty Eye-lid clos'd.
At that unseasonable Hour
Came CUPID knocking at my Door,
Who's there, says I, and who so late,
Comes boldly knocking at my Gate?
To make me wake before the Day,
And fright my kindest Dreams away?

Open he cry'd, and nothing fear,
Here's none but I —, an Infant here
My Mother to some Neighbouring Town
To get Relief for us is gone,
Left Me, and *Immacence* alone:
No Help, nor Lodging can I get,
All freezing cold, all dropping wet,
Long through the Moonless Night I stray,
Perhaps too, — I have lost my Way,
Then pray'd by all the Pow'rs above,
I think too, — that he mention'd Love,
By all that cou'd my Pity win,
That I wou'd rise, and let him in.
His formal Cant I soon believ'd,
And thought that I his Tears perceiv'd,
Compassion came from ev'ry Part,
And pleaded strongly in my Heart;

I rose, and struck a Light, and strait
With pious haste unlock'd the Gate.

Then soon as to the Light he drew,
A charming Boy surpriz'd my View;
A pair of pretty Wings he wore,
And he a Bow, and Quiver bore.
Then I in pity drew him nigher,
And plac'd the *Urchin* to the Fire,
I took his Hands with kind Design
And warm'd his little Palms with mine;
I squeez'd his Locks with tender Care,
And prest the Water from his Hair:
Nay, that I might my Kindness show,
I think I hugg'd and kiss'd him too.

Chear'd thus, warm Life came up again,
And all in ev'ry part did reign;
His Cheeks now glow'd with lively heat,
And brisk his dancing Pulses beat.

Affecting now another Look,
His pretty Bow in Hand he took,
Let's try, he said, (and saying smil'd)
What if the Rain my Strings have spoil'd.
Up to the Head the Bow he drew,
Deep in my Breast the Arrow flew;
And then well-pleas'd the scoffing Boy
Derides my Pain with Tyrant Joy;
Landlord he cries, my Bow you see
Is much above an Injury?

But thou shalt feel the piercing Dart,
The pleasing Pain and tickling Smart
Shall reign for ever in thy Heart.

IV. The EPICURE.

Underneath this Myrtle Shade,
 On Flowry Beds supinely laid,
 With od'rous Oils my Head o'reflowing,
 And around it Roses growing,
 What should I do but *drink* away
 The *Heat* and *Troubles* of the Day?
 In this more than *Kingly* State,
 Love himself shall on me wait.
 Fill to me, *Love*, nay fill it up;
 And mingled cast into the Cup,
Wit and *Mirth*, and noble *Fires*,
 Vigorous *Health*, and gay *Desires*,
 The *Wheel* of *Life*, no less will stay,
 In a *smooth* than *rugged* way.
 Since it *equally* doth flee,
 Let the *Motion* pleasant be.
 Why do we precious *Ointments* show'r,
 Nobler *Wines* why do we pour,
 Beauteous *Flowers* why do we spread,
 Upon the *Monuments* of the *Dead*?
 Nothing they but *Dust* can show,
 Or *Bones* that hasten to be so.
 Crown me with *Roses* whilst I *live*,
 Now your *Wines* and *Ointments* give,
 After *Death* I nothing crave,
 Let me *alive* my *Pleasures* have,
 All are *Stoicks* in the *Grave*.

V. The ROSE.

Pretty *Rose*, thou gawdy Flower,
 Sacred to *Love's* Almighty Power,
 (Whence there's no Lover ever seeks;
 But finds Thee in his Mistress' *Cheeks*,)
 Thee thy *Red Jolly* Looks design
 The fit *Attendant* upon *Wine*;
 Crown'd thus, we'll drink and merry be,
 Till we look *gay* and *red* like Thee.
 Queen of all the Flowers that wear
 the *Liv'ry* of the *painted* Year.
 How dost thou *short-liv'd* Glories bring,
 Thou lovely *Darling* of the Spring,
 How dost thou *vex* us, but in this,
 That thy *Life* no *longer* is?
 Thee the *Gods* love, hence they design
 To draw thee fresh with *Paint Divine*,
 And in thy *Reds* strive to display
 The *blushing* *Infancy* of Day.
 The *God* of *Love* more lovely now,
 Adorns with thee his comely Brow,
 When with the *Graces* dancing, he
 Sees nothing there so *fair* as thee:
 Then prithee let me *Roses* have,
 A *Rosie* Chaplet's all I crave;
 For which, Thou *God* of *Wine*, each Day
 I'll thee in *Drunken* Carols pay;
 And when the *beauteous* *Roses* spread
 Their *Ruby* Lustre round my Head;
 How shall the *Beauteous* *Fair* entwine
 Her lovely circling Arms in mine;

While

While free from Care, free from Strife,
We'll dance the pleasant *Maze* of Life.

ANOTHER ROSE.

WHilst *Roses* round our Temples twine;
The Envy of the *Rosie Wine*,
In which we *Cares* and *Business* bury;
Thus we *live*, thus live *merry*?
The Beauteous Virgins dance around
At the *Harp's* enchanting Sound,
Their wanton *Ivy Wands* too they
As *Badges* of their Mirth display:
(That *twining* Plant that seems to prove
The fittest Emblem of their *Love*.)
See how the Boy whose Tresses break
In waving Ringlets o'er his Neck,
Now gently strikes the speaking Strings,
Now sweetly interrupting sings;
Then bids the melting Voice conspire,
And add new Sweetness to the Lyre.
They Sing and Dance away their Prime
And by such *Motions* measure Time;
Love himself makes up the Quire,
Venus does with soft Ayres inspire.
That sprightly God, the God of *Wine*,
Pours *New Life* through every Vein.
All's Mirth: even now the *Grave*, and *Sage*
Curse the dull *Awkardness* of Age.
This the true *Life*, this sure must be,
Since *Life* it self's but *Harmony*.

VI. The WOUND.

WHen once I did rebellious prove,
 Nor own'd the *Sov'reignty* of Love.
 Love smil'd, and strait he took in hand
 His *all-commanding* Purple Wand,
 Which kindly forc'd me to obey,
 And through strange Paths with him to stray.
 We pass'd o'er sweetest flowry Plains,
 And through *Amorous* curling Streams,
 Where even *senseless* things I saw,
 Did pay Obedience to his Law.
 Kind *Reeds* did to each other move,
 The *Waters* self seem'd warm with Love.
 Ev'n *Brambles* our Approach to greet,
 Did now in rough Embraces meet.
 Thus as I pass'd, and well did spy,
 How all Things, all Things lov'd but I,
 A pretty spangled glittering Foe,
 Too gay I thought to wound me so,
 A cunning Snake did at me dart,
 Into my Mouth leap'd up my Heart,
 But *Cupid* call'd it back, I see
 All *Hearts* at his Disposal be.
 Who nodding check'd my stubborn Pride,
 And thus at length began to chide,
 No matter what those Fools sustain
 Who reckon Love the greatest Pain,
 Which but once try'd, none wish'd again
 To miss that so much dreaded Pain.

VII. The DREAM.

AS on a Purple Quilt I chose,
 By Night to take my sweet Repose,
 Where Dewy Sleep fell on my Breast;
 And all my Cares lay calm'd in Rest;
 My wanton *Fancy* sporting lay,
 And call'd my roving *Thoughts* to play.
 Who in their Sport and am'rous Flight,
 Made up this *Lundskip* of Delight.
 Methoughts (but oh 'twas but a *Dream*)
 I wandring spied a spotless train
 Of beauteous Virgins, where each Face
 Provok'd me to the lusty Chase.
 Strait the coy Phantoms fled away,
 Nor wou'd they for my Courtship stay.
 I follow'd strait, but lo hard by
 A Troop of gallant Youths did lie.
 Who try'd, well warm'd with *Bacchus* heat,
 To rally me to a Retreat,
 Yet this alas but fann'd the Fire,
 And added Wings to my Desire.
 Methoughts I made the greater hast,
 And seiz'd the lovely Prey at last.
 And then I proffer'd at a Kiss,
 But wak'd in the Interim of Bliss.
 Curse on my Eyes that open'd Day,
 And chas'd those pleasant Forms away.
 My Eyes, that now will useles be,
 If I such Sights may sleeping see.

Thus

Thus raving, I laid down, and then
I only wish'd to *Dream again*.

VIII. The Dove.

TELL me, Love's *Envoy*, prithee do,
Whither dost thou this Journey go.
Or whence with hasty Motion fly,
Thy Wings perfuming all the Sky,
They from their wanton Fannings spread
Such *Odours*, as embalm the Dead.
Such *Odours*, as I'd almost Swear
That Zephyr's Gales not sweeter are,
When with some Rose he 'as been at play,
And kist its fragrant *Life* away.

The *Dove* reply'd, what's this to Thee?
I carry *Anacreon's* Embassy;
Which he with courteous kind Intent,
Has to his Lov'd *Bacchylus* sent.
Bacchylus whose fair Face does prove
The Potent *Monarchy* of Love.

'Tis true I once was *Venus's* Slave,
Nor carry'd ought but what *She* gave,
Who for a *Love-Toy*, for a *Song*
Sold me to her *Anacreon*.
Whom now I serve you see, and bear
These his Love Letters through the Air;
Which soft as mine own *Feathers* are.
For which good Office kindly he
My hated *Freedom* proffers me.
But all the *Freedom* which I crave
Is that I still may be his Slave.

For

For why should I, tell me why,
 Range through the *Desart* of the Sky?
 Or make some Mountains top my Seat;
 To sit and moan for want of Meat;
 Or when the Year does Bounties yield,
 And Fruits enrich each painted Field,
 Why should I course Berries eat,
 Rough as the Brambles where I sit?
 Where all my *Victuals* dress'd must be
 By Nature's homely Cookery,
 When I can there still freely stand
 And peck out of *Anacreon's Hand*
 Delicious Crumbs, such as be
 The sweet Effects of Luxury.
 And sip such Wine, as he himself
 Drinks when he names *Barbyllus* Health:
 And when I'm drunk with this, I play
 And dance and revel all the Day.
 But when all things, soft Silence keep,
 And the still Night invites to sleep,
 I on his *Harp* reposing lie,
 And dream of nought but *Harmony*.
 This, Sir, is all, this is the brief
 Account of my voluptuous Life.
 Go with this Narrative Content,
 You've made me now impertinent.
 That you your self anon will say,
 I am no *Dove*, but turn'd to *Dey*.
 A prating *Dan*, or chattering *Jay*.

IX. CUPID in Wax.

A Friend of mine expos'd to Sale (well,
 A Waxen Piece, wrought wondrous
 The God of Love was imag'd there
 And kind, and soft his Features were,
 Where Art so much of *Life* did give,
 The *smiling* Image seem'd to live.
 Pleas'd at the Sight, I ask'd the Price
 Of this well imitated Piece.

My Friend reply'd, Sir, what you please,
 I'll thank you too for the Release.
 For I'm no Artist Truth to tell,
 But *Love* at any rate I'd sell,
 With painted Arrows, painted Bow,
 Which make a real dreadful Show.
 I dare not longer *Cupid* trust,
 Brother to unbounded Lust.
 Nay then, by your Leave, Sir, I cry'd,
 If you'd be of this Torment rid;
 Think not to vend the Ware, but know
 That you must buy your *Chapman* too.
 Give me a Groat, for Fancy's sake.
 And I this Image home will take,
 But prithee *Love*, when thou art mine,
 Aid me withall thy Power Divine.
 Thy self my willing Breast inspire,
 And kindle there a strong Desire.
 Or else in Flames far, far above
 The fierce *Extremities* of Love,

Thy stubborn Form shall soon decay,
 The Waxen *God* shall melt away.
 The *Fire* which you deny to me
 I will in Vengeance give to *Thee*.

X. AGE.

OFT am I by the Women told,
 Poor *Anacreon* thou grow'st old.
 Look how thy Hairs are falling all;
 Poor *Anacreon* how they fall.
 Whether I grow old or no,
 By th' Effects I do not know.
 This I know without being told,
 'Tis time to *Live*, if I grow *Old*.
 'Tis time short Pleasures now to take;
 Of little *Life* the best to make,
 And manage *wisely* the last *Stake*.

XI. The SWALLOW

FOOLish *Prater*, what do'st thou
 So early at my Window do,
 With thy tuneless *Serenade*?
 Well't had been had *Tereus* made
 Thee, as *Dumb* as *Philomel*;
 There his *Knife* had done but well.
 In thy undiscover'd Nest,
 Thou dost all the Winter rest,
 And dreamest o'er thy Summer Joys,
 Free from the stormy Seasons Noise:

Free from th' Ill thou'ft done to me,
 Who disturbs, or seeks out *Thee*?
 Had'ft thou all the charming Notes,
 Of the Woods *Poetick Throats*,
 All thy Art could never pay
 What thou'ft ta'en from me away;
 Cruel *Bird*, thou'ft ta'en away,
 A *Dream* out of my Arms to Day,
 A *Dream*, that ne'er muft equalld be,
 By all that *making Eyes* may fee.
 Thou this Damage to repair,
 Nothing half fo sweet or fair,
 Nothing half fo good can'ft bring,
 Though Men fay, *Thou bring'ft the Spring*.

XII. A RANT.

THAT *Noble Soul*, the *Phrygian Boy*
 Damn'd all *Sense*, a ufelefs Toy.
 When with the *Goddeſs* big he reel'd,
 And bravely roar'd it in the Field,
 Where Mountains liſtned to his Voice,
 And eccho'd back the *Drunken Noiſe*.
 Thus, thus of old th' inspir'd Men,
 Drank Bumpers up of *Hypocrene*.
 Till *Frenſy-ſtruck* they did begin,
 To fancy ſome mad God within,
 They ſoar'd above all common *Senſe*,
 Wing'd with a *Drunken Excellence*.
 And all their ventrous Rage let fly,
 In *Dythyrambick Poetry*.

Whilst these, these my Examples be,
 I'll curse all dull *Sobriety*.
 Fill'd with Wine's delicious Charms,
 Fill'd with a Mistress in my Arms,
 My Passion uncontroll'd shall rove,
 Doubly debauch'd with *Wine* and *Love*.

XIII. The DUEL.

YES, I will Love then, I will Love;
 I will not now *Love's Rebel* prove:
 Though I was once his *Enemy*;
 Though ill-advis'd and stubborn I,
 Did to the Combat him defy.
 An Helmet, Spear, and mighty Shield,
 Like some New *Ajax* I did wield.
Love in one Hand his *Bow* did take,
 In th' other Hand a *Dart* did shake.
 But yet in vain the *Dart* did throw,
 In vain he often drew the *Bow*.
 So well my *Armour* did resist,
 So oft by flight the Blow I mist.
 But when I thought all Danger past,
 His *Quiver* empty'd quite at last;
 Instead of *Arrow*, or of *Dart*,
 He shot *Himself* into my Heart.
 The *living* and the *killing Arrow*
 Ran through the Skin, the Flesh, the *Blood*
 And broke the *Bones*, & scorch'd the *Marrow*
 No *Trench*, or *Work of Life* withstood.

In vain I now the *Walls* maintain,
 I set out *Guards* and *Scouts* in vain,
 Since th' *Enemy* does within remain.
 In vain a *Breast-plate* now I wear,
 Since in my *Breast* the *Foe* I bear.
 In vain my *Feet* their *Swiftness* try;
 For from the *Body* can they fly?

XIV. The DRUNKARD.

FILL the *Bowl* with rosy *Wine*,
 Around our *Temples* *Roses* twine,
 And let us chearfully a while,
 Like the *Wine* and *Roses* smile.
 Crown'd with *Roses* we contemn
Gyges wealthy *Diadem*.
To Day is ours; what do we fear?
To Day is ours; we have it here.
 Let's treat it kindly, that it may
Wish at least with us to stay.
 Let's banish *Business*, banish *Sorrow*,
 To the *Gods* belongs *To Morrow*.

XV. My FATE.

LET other Poets build their *Glory*,
 On the ruin'd *Trojans* Story.
 I'll neither Sing of this or that,
 Or the mighty *Thebans* Fate,
 Though I was sure to Sing withal;
 In such sweet *Numbers* as might call
 The *Stones* again into a *Wall*.

Nobler

Nobler Themes my Breast inspire;
 Nobler Songs provoke my Lyre:
 Nobler Wars, such as be
 Wag'd by a disdainful She.
 Though I should stand where Canons roar,
 'Tis She alone can wound me more.
 I've try'd by Land and Sea enough,
 I am all Weapons, but Love's Proof;
 Love, who in Ambuscado lies
 Compleatly arm'd in her bright Eyes,
 Each Glance of her shoots forth a Dart,
 And every Look commands a Heart.

XVI. The Cup.

Vulcan contrive me such a Cup,
 As Nestor us'd of old;
 Show all thy Skill to trim it up,
 Damask it round with Gold.

Make it so large, that fill'd with Sack
 Up to the Swelling Brim,
 Vast Toasts on the delicious Lake,
 Like Ships at Sea, may swim.

Engrave not Battle on its Cheek,
 With War I've nought to do:
 I'm none of those that took Maestricht,
 Nor Tarmouth Leaguer knew.

Let it no Name of Planets tell,
 Fixt Stars, or Constellations:

For I am no Sir *Sydrophel*,
Nor none of his Relations.

But carve thereon a spreading *Vine*;
Then add Two lovely *Boys*;
Their Limbs in amorous Folds entwine,
The Type of future Joys.

Cupid and *Bacchus* my Saints are,
May *Drink* and *Love* still reign:
With *Wine* I wash away my Cares,
And then to *Love* again.

Another CUP.

MAKE me a *Bowl*, a mighty *Bowl*!
Large as my capacious Soul,
Vast as my Thirst is; let it have
Depth enough to be my *Grave*;
I mean the *Grave* of all my Care,
For I intend to bury't there.
Let it of Silver fashion'd be,
Worthy of *Wine*, worthy Me,
Worthy to adorn the Spheres,
As that bright *Cup* amongst the Stars:
That *Cup*, which Heav'n deign'd a Place
Next the *Sun*, its greatest Grace.
Kind *Cup*! that to the Stars did go,
To light poor *Drunkards* here below:
Let mine be so, and give me Light,
That I may drink, and revel by't:
Yet draw no Shapes of *Armour* there,
No Cask, nor Shield, nor Sword, nor Spear,
Nor

Nor Wars of *Thebes* nor Wars of *Troy*,
 Nor any other Martial Toy,
 For what do I vain Armour prize,
 Who mind not such rough Exercise?
 But gentler Sieges, softer Wars,
 Fights, that cause no Wounds nor Scars,
 I'll have no Battles on my Plate,
 Lest fight of them should Brawls create,
 Lest that provoke to Quarrels too,
 Which Wine it self enough can do.
 Draw me no Constellations there;
 No Ram, nor Bull, nor Dog, nor Bear,
 Nor any of that monstrous Fry,
 Of Animals which stock the Sky.
 For what are Stars to my Design,
 Stars, which I, when Drunk, outshine,
 Outshone by every Drop of Wine.
 I lack no Pole-star on the Brink,
 To guide in the wide Sea of Drink;
 But would for ever there be tost,
 And wish no Haven, seek no Coast.
 Yet gentle Artift, if thou'lt try
 Thy Skill, then draw me, (let me see)
 Draw me first a spreading Vine,
 Make its Arms the Bowl entwine.
 With kind Embraces such as I,
 Twist about my loving *She*.
 Let its Boughs o'er-spread above
 Scenes of Drinking, Scenes of Love.
 Draw next the Patron of that Tree,
 Draw *Bacchus*, and soft *Cupid* by;

Draw

Draw them both in Topping Shapes,
 Their Temples crown'd with cluster'd Grapes:
 Make them lean against the Cup,
 As 'twere to keep their Figures up,
 And when their reeling Forms I view,
 I'll think them Drunk and be so too.
 The Gods shall my Examples be,
 The Gods, thus Drunk in Effigie.

XVII. DRINKING.

THE thirsty Earth soaks up the Rain,
 And drinks, and gapes for Drink a-
 The Plants suck in the Earth, and are (gain.
 With constant Drinking fresh and fair,
 The Sea it self, which one would think
 Should have but little need of Drink,
 Drinks ten thousand Rivers up,
 So fill'd that they o'erflow the Cup.
 The busy Sun (and one would guess
 By's drunken fiery Face no less)
 Drinks up the Sea, and when h's done,
 The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun.
 They Drink and Dance by their own Light,
 They Drink and Revel all the Night.
 Nothing in Nature's sober found,
 But an Eternal Health goes round.
 Fill up the Bowl then, fill it high,
 Fill all the Glasses there, for why
 Should ev'ry Creature drink but I,
 Why, Man of Morals, tell me why?

XVIII. *The Wish to his MISTRESS.*

I'M told how Bodies change their State
 Toft by the shuffling Hand of Fate;
 Which when once dispos'd to play
 Does very strangely some convey,
 And steal 'em from *Themselves* away.
 Here it leaves * *One* when Life is gone,
 In *wondring* Postures made a Stone.
 † *Another*, there stands doubting yet
 Whether to trust her *Wings* or *Feet*,
 Amidst these Scenes of Changes now
 Should the Gods my Wish allow;
 Thy happy *Looking-glass* I'd be,
 That thou might'st always gaze on me,
 Where thou might'st see (were my Breast
 Thy self, *thy very self* is there. (clear)
 I'd wish my Thread of Life were spun
 Into thy rich and precious *Gown*.
 That I might to Embraces hast,
 And clasp my Love about the Waist.
 Or let me in pure *Riv'lets* flow,
 Which when thou bath'st will brighter show.
 Or let me in sweet *Essence* lie,
 Thy Limbs perfuming as I die;
 There, there exhale my od'rous Breath,
 Who could wish a sweeter *Death*?
 Or let the Heav'ns to fill my Wish,
 And urge it on to greater Bliss,

* Niobe. † Philomel.

Make

Make me your *Necklace, Ring, or Shoe,*
Nay any thing *belongs* to you.

XIX. HEAT.

FILL, kind *Misses,* fill the Bowl,
And let the Wine *refresh* my Soul.
For now the *thirsty* Heat of Day
Has almost *drunk* my *Life* away;
My feeble Breath now faintly draws,
Wanting a Glafs between each *Pause*.
It drinks, till I my self grow dry,
And can no longer Floods supply,
Now then my *Heat* relieve,
And now your *Cooling* Garlands weave,
Cooling Garlands, such as may
Invite refreshing Winds to play,
And chase the *Tyrant Heat* away,
But this I do perhaps you'll guess
Because I mean to *Love* you less;
Or do't because I'd hence remove
All the *Flames* and *Hear* of *Love*.
Foolish *Girls,* perhaps you know
This to the *Body* good may do;
But *Love* can no Abatement find,
Love's the *High-Fever* of the *Mind*.

XX. SOLITUDE.

HERE, my *Bathyllus,* take thy Seat,
Beneath this shady Green retreat,

Here,

Here, let the Trees new verdant *Hair*
 Sport with ev'ry Blast of Air;
 Let the Woods their Music make,
 While trembling Leaves in *Consort* shake;
 Let the Birds Harmonious sing,
 And warble to a bubling *Spring*;
 The bubling Spring draw on its Train,
 And in kind Murmurs court the Plain;
 Gentle *Murmurs* far above
 All Eloquence of Human Love;
 Then tell ye Gods, tell if ye can,
 What *Prince*, what great unhappy Man,
 Would not thus a *Cell* prefer,
 And chuse to live a *Hermit* here?

XXI. GOLD.

IF all the Sorcery of *Gold*,
 That which can all things else withhold,
 Could but prorogue the fatal Day,
 Or court one fleeting Minute's stay,
 No doubt I should a *Misex* be,
 And hug the Ore as much as He;
 Why should I, prithee tell me why,
 Heap up Care before I die?
 Why amass a useless Store,
 Only to torment me more?
 But since there's nought, early or late
 Can bribe inexorable Fate,
 Since all must go one common way,
 The richest and the poorest Clay.

Since

Since then 'tis so, All Pleasures take,
 And of my time the best I'll make!
 Smiling Mirth, gay Jollity
 Shall treat each Hour that passes by:
 Nay I will Love, and then each Day,
 Even Time it self will wish to stay.
 Thus my short Life shall pleasant be,
 Thus I shall longer live than He.

XXII. LIFE.

Nature sent us all abroad,
 Directing us one common Road;
 The slip'ry Road of Life, which Men
 Once pass, and ne'er begin again.
 O'er Hedge and Ditch, Hope leads 'em on,
 And talks of pleasant Fields to come,
 But see th' *enchanted Grounds* are gone!
 How many Years I've pass'd, my Friends
 I know—and there my Knowledge ends!
 How many Years are still in Store,
 Whither fewer they, or more,
 I neither would, nor can explore!
 What time *Death* takes each Trav'ler in,
 Is hidden, sacred, and unseen:
 Well then since all things doubtful are,
 And there are Gods we know not where,
 Fill up the Bowl, we'll dance and sing,
 'Tis Nature does true Knowledge bring.
 And thus my Friends we'll Joys receive,
 And thus we'll find the way to Live.

XXIII. *The Careless COMPANION.*

Whilst the Cup walks nimbly round,
All my Cares in that lie drown'd.

I banish *Business* to the Great,
Business the great Man's Favourite.
Business shall now no more molest :
 The *even* Temper of my Breast:
 Sorrow belongs not unto me,
 And Care, and I, but ill agree ;
 Begon fond Thoughts of Life—for I,
 Whither I will, or no, must die.
 Fill then, my Boy, come fill it up,
 All Cares I'll bury in this Cup.

For whilst the Cup walks nimbly round,
All my Cares in that lie drown'd.

ANOTHER.

Whilst I carouse, all my Cares sink
 Into the vast *Sea* of Drink ;
 Methinks I *Crasus* then despise,
 With all his useless Treasuries,
 Richer far in that *bright Coin*,
 That *sparkles* in each Glass of Wine ;
 And what I like better still,
 All that Gold is *potable*.

'Tis that has rais'd a *precious* Thought,
 And me to *fancied* Riches brought ;
 To me thus rich, all things below
 Do but meer *empty* *Trifles* show.

D

With

With *Garlands* deck'd I roar, and sing,
Greater than the greatest King.
 Methinks I laugh at *Honour's* Cheat
 That so imposes on the *Great*.
 I laugh at all the *small* Renown,
 That *dimly* glimmers on a *Crown*.
 Let others now to *Wars* repair,
 And seek for *flutt'ring* Honour there.
 Charge me a Cup, Boy, *prime* it well,
 'Tis this shall all my Foes repel:
 Charge all the Goblets there, for why,
 Death stealing on methinks I spy;
 But I'll forestall his sly Design,
 And be *dead-drunk* before with *Wine*.

XXIV. In the Praise of BACCHUS.

W Hilst *Bacchus* Temple in my Breast,
 By the *Mighty* Gods possesst,
 That God who first from *Lightning* came,
 Now *brisk* and *active* as the same,
 He does with *Mirth* my Mind inspire,
 And tunes my *Heart* just to his *Choir*.
 My *cheerful* Pulses beat more strong,
 My *Blood* in *Numbers* skips along.
 Drunk thus methinks I'm in a Trance,
 And all my Body's but *one* Dance,
 Methinks I *Venus* hear rehearse
 Some *charming* Song, some *dancing* Verse.
 That kindly moves (methinks I see)
 My trembling Nerves by *Sympathy*.

Which

Which *dance* afresh, by *Wine* and *Love*,
 Thus I like a *Machin* move.
 Now let the *Learn'd* say what they can,
Musick is the *Soul* of *Man*.

XXV. His MISTRESS'S Picture.

Draw, *some Apelles*, draw me here,
 Her who is the *only Fair*.
 She's fled; but in my *Breast* I find
 That she has left her self *behind*.
 Thy Colours then make ready all,
 And copy thus th' *Original*.
 First draw her *Hair black* as the *Night*,
 In which all *Lovers* take *Delight*.
 And if the *Wax* will *Odours* bear
Perfumes, that owe more *Sweets* to her,
 Draw her *High Forehead* (let me see)
Whiter than *whitest Ivory*.
 Then paint each *brown* declining *Brow*,
 That serve so oft for *Cupid's Bow*;
 Who when with *killing* strives to *please*,
 Will only then make use of *these*.
 But lest these comely *Arches* run
 Too lovingly, and meet in one,
 At a small *Distance* let 'em show,
 They wou'd be *one*, and are scarce *two*:
 Below these if thou can'st display,
 Of her *two Eyes* the *double Day*,
 Where *dazling Lightning* seems to play.
 Like *Lightning* they glide through the *Skin*,
 And wound the *Heart* that's lodg'd *within*.

But to add all their Graces too,
 Let 'em like *Pallas's* be *Blew*,
 Which more than e'er her *Gorgon* flew.
 Let 'em such *charming* Glances dart,
 As *Venus* when she wounds a Heart.
 When this is done, her *Cheeks* next view,
 Where (if you'd imitate the true)
 Steal *Blushes* from the *Rosy* Morn,
 Such even such her *Cheeks* adorn,
 And mingle with the *streaming* Light,
 That paints the *Milky Way* with white.
 Mean while her *ruby Lips* don't miss,
 That tempt our *tasting* in a *Kiss*;
 Lips that like *Suada's* still dispence,
 A more than mortal Eloquence.
 Her *Chin* and *Neck* in *white* Array,
 Where all the *Graces* dance and play.
 And last of all let her be,
 Veil'd in a Dress as *gay* as she.
 Be the Veil transparent too,
 And all her *Skin* disclose to view,
 As striving with a decent Pride,
 To show the Charms it seems to hide.
 Now 'tis enough, for now I find
 She's drawn so lively to my Mind;
 I see her — now the Silence breaks,
 Look, look—her very Picture speaks.

XXVI. BATHYLLUS.

Come, Painter, with my Rules agree,
 And draw *Bathyllus* after me!

A jetty *Blackness* first prepare,
 To spread upon his lovely Hair,
 Yet make the glossy *Blackness* shine
 With something like a *Light* divine,
 Make wandring little Curls to dance
 In a well-order'd *Negligence*;
 His *Forehead* than the Morn more bright
 His *Eyebrows* blacker than the Night,
 Be the *Forehead* soft, and high,
 Bended let the *Eyebrows* lie,
 From whence a thousand Arrows fly.

Let his *Eyes* *Black*, and *threatning* shew,
 Yet make them kind, and courteous too,
 This *angry* Part, by *Mars* was sent,
 That *Mildness* there by *Venus* lent.
 This down the bold *Admirer* drives
 And this the *Criminal* forgives,
 While between both mix'd appear,
 Doubtful Hope, and trembling *Fear*.
 His Cheeks like fairest Apples gay,
 Downy, soft, and plump as they;
 And if it can be reach'd by Art,
 His *Genuine*, native *Blush* impart.
 His red, plump Lips, and little Mouth
 Will puzzle and torment us both,
 Pretty, *Delicious*, — oh they've outgone
 All Art, and all Description.
 But let *sweet* Smiles around 'em play,
 And there becoming *Moistures* lay,
 To them let *Eloquence* be join'd,
 As if for *Rhetorick* design'd.

They must at least a *Motion* make,
 And even *Silence* seem to speak.
 Like that of the Spheres let it be,
 A *sweet* but *unheard* Harmony.
 And in this charming Face, let all
 Be *stately* and *Majestical*.
 But whither, whither do I run?
 His Iv'ry Neck is left undone.
 See his Breast full in every part,
 For it contains *Anacreon's* Heart.
Smooth be his Hands, both *long* and *white*,
 Which Kisses may from all invite.
 His *large*, *smooth* Belly all approve,
 Fit for *Wine*, or fit for *Love*.
 His Thighs to Marble I'd compare,
 But that they *soft* and *tender* are,
Loose quivering Flesh in *Whiteness* lies,
 And stiff cold Age with Fire supplies.
 Let there be now a *thin slight* Shade,
 Of *Any thing* or *Nothing* made,
 Some little inward ticklings show,
 Such as in young Lovers glow.
 Even now let flowing *Nature* try
 To pass the *Bounds* of Chastity.
 But see your *Art* is too unkind,
 It does not show the Charms *behind*.
 Charms, that seem now *lovelier* far,
 Because they *hidden* are.
 On him I will not *Feet* bestow,
 For Lovers never look so *low*.
 What hast thou Painter done — ? away,
 Strike that *Apollo* out I say,

What Price you please I freely grant;
 But still I my *Bathyllus* want;
 Strike that *Apollo* out again,
 Or when you *Samos* once have seen,
 A Copy from *Bathyllus* take,
 From him a true *Apollo* make.

XXVII. *The CAPTIVE.*

THE Muses lately *Cupid* found,
 And in Flowry Fetters bound,
 Then they their little *Captive* gave,
 Up to *Beauty* for her Slave.
Venus with Gifts and Pray'rs ne'er ceas'd,
 To get her *Captive* Son releas'd.

But should the largest giving Hand
 Again his Liberty demand;
 The ransom'd *God* would there remain,
 There court and bless his happy Chain:
 Had rather *Beauty* serve, than be
 Without *Her* miserably Free.

XXVIII. *The Jolly DRUNKARD.*

STand off, my Thirst can never cease,
 I'll drink it all, though *Bottomless*,
Heav'n shan't show the Soul, nor Hell,
 That me in *Madness* dares excel.
 * Two *Gracian* Sparks, 'tis true,
 Their ill-natur'd *Mothers* flew.

* *Alcmaon, and Orestes.*

Then

Then stark and raving mad did run,
 Because the brave Exploit was gone,
 And never could again be done.
 But I that am contented well,
 With *harmless* Drink and Females still,
 That ne'er an *angry* Rival kill'd,
 Nor prying Cuckolds Blood e'er spill'd,
 I that in *Claret* do delight,
 And drink such *Blood* with Appetite,
 Beyond an *Extasy* can fly,
 And stare and rave more decently.
Let Heav'n then show the Soul, or Hell,
That me in Madness dares excel.

A lovely Sight it was,
 When *Ajax* through the *Troops* did pass.
 When the *Captive* Sheep he drew,
 And thought that he the *Gracians* slew.
 O'er Northern *Alps* he seem'd to fly,
 And through the *Snow* to cut his way.
 Of heavy Senses he complains,
 And damns the useless Weight of Brains.
 Stout *Hercules* did mount with *Pride*,
 And in his *Rage* was *Deify'd*.
 He strait shook off the *fleshy* Load,
 He first grew *mad* and then a *God*.
 See then after this Draught of Wine,
 His *Star* quickly will outshine ;
 A *Nature* I will have like his,
 And thus an *Apotheosis*.
 Here, here *Perfection* is express.
Madness with New Madness is possess.

Let Heav'n then show the Soul, or Hell,
That dares in Madness me excel.

XXIX. The Account.

When all the Stars are by thee told,
(Those endless Sums of heav'nly Gold)
Or when the Hairs are reckon'd all,
From sickly Autumns Head that fall,
Or when the Drops that make the Sea,
Whilst all her Sands thy Counters be;
Thou then, and thou alone may'st prove
Th' Arithmetician of my Love.
An Hundred Loves at Athens score,
At Corinth write an Hundred more.
Fair Corinth does such Beauties bear,
So few is an Escaping there.
Write then at Chios Seventy three;
Write then at Lesbos, (let me see)
Write me at Lesbos Ninety down,
Full Ninety Loves and half a One.
And next to these let me present
The fair Ionian Regiment.
And next the Carian Company,
Five Hundred both Effectively.
Three Hundred more at Rhodes and Crete;
Three Hundred 'tis I'm sure complete.
For Arms at Crete each Face does bear,
And every Eye's an Archer there.
Go on; this Stop why dost thou make?
Thou think'st perhaps that I mistake;

Seems this to Thee too great a Sum?
 Why many Thousands are to come;
 The mighty *Xerxes* could not boast
 Such different *Nations* in his Host.
 On; for my Love, (if thou be'st weary)
 Must find some better *Secretary*.
 I have not yet my *Persian* told,
 Nor yet my *Syrian Loves* enroll'd,
 Nor *Indian*, nor *Arabian*;
 Nor *Cyprian Loves*, nor *African*;
 Nor *Scythian*, nor *Italian Flames*;
 There's a whole *Map* behind of *Names*,
 Of gentle Loves i'th' *Temperate Zone*,
 And cold ones in the *Frigid One*.
 Cold frozen *Loves* with which I pine,
 And parched *Loves* beneath the *Line*.

XXX. The SWALLOW.

Kind Bird, whose Flights returning bring
 The regular Returns of *Spring*,
 Whom Swains that doubt if *Winter's* done,
 Trust rather than the *Sun*,
 Thou in the Warmth of *Summer* blest,
 Buildest up thy happy Nest,
 And soon as *Winter* brings the Frost
 In some sweet Retreat art lost.

Beloved Bird in Pity see,
 How unlike I am to Thee,
 Love all the Year within my Breast,
 Lodges close and builds his Nest,

Possesses ev'ry little *Part*,
 And nestles deep into my *Heart*.
 Ev'ry Night and ev'ry Morn,
 A thousand *Cupids* here are born,
 Some unform'd in *Embrio* lie,
 And some their little *Pinions* try;
 Others into *Being* strive,
 Half *Unform'd*, and half *Alive*.
 All gape for Food, and All
 The *Mother Love* with *chirping* Call;
 The Full-grown Loves, the Younger nourish,
 With quick Increase the Younger flourish,
 Each another multiplies,
 And new *Thousands*, *Thousands* rise.
 What then my *Friends* must now be done
 With your poor *Anacreon*?
 What *Heart* can bear the mighty *Flame*,
 What *Tongue* so many *Cupids* Name?

XXXI. To his Young MISTRESS.

BEcause *Forsooth* you'r young and fair,
 And fresher than the *Rose* appear,
 Full of Bloom, in *Beauties* Pride,
 You my hoary *Hairs* deride,
 And yet these *Ashes*, Dear, contain,
Embers, that strive to flame again.
 In the Flow'ry *Garland* see,
 The *Lilly* and the *Rose* agree,
 So might our *Embraces* join,
 Thine be *Red*, the *White* all mine.

XXXII. Upon

XXXII. Upon EUROPA.

THIS Bull, my Boy, is sure some *Jove*,
 Who in *disguise* is making Love.
 Methinks I thro' his Horns can see,
 The Brightness of the Deity.
 His Front does no curl'd *Fierceness* wear,
 All *Heav'n* does in his Looks appear,
 Nay whence I more of Credit take,
Europa's mounted on his Back;
Europa who outshines by far
 All his beauteous Harlots there,
 Though each Harlot is a *Star*.
 Methinks I see him now convey
 The Charmer thro' the *wondring* Sea,
 Whose Chrystal Waves swell here and there,
 Seemingly *proud* of what they bear.
 He now like Oars his Feet does ply,
 And rows him through the watry *Sky*:
 'Tis *Jove* I mean, for sure no Beast,
 Half so happy, half so blest;
 Wafted a Virgin o'er the Seas,
 And left his *Loving Mistresses*.
 Nay none of all the Gods above,
 But He, and only He for Love.

XXXIII. The Vain Advice.

TALK not to me of *Schoolmens* Rules,
 Those Antiquated, pious Fools,

Who

Who gravely preach of this or that,
 Of the *Stoicks* Chain of Fate.
 I hate each sober, groveling Thought,
 That's from their musty *Morals* brought.
 To those whom Vice and youthful Rage,
 Has sunk into decrepit Age,
 Perhaps this Talk may Rhetoric be,
 But prithee Fool what's that to me!
Drinking my sole Precept is,
 And my Life is *link'd* to this.
 Then teach how I may Drunk commence,
 Above the low Intrigues of Sense.
 Or to raise the Frensy high,
 Bless it with *Love's* Debauchery.
 For since my Head can nothing show,
 But aged *Frasts* or Winter Snow,
 Since *Life* may not till Morning stay,
 Give me the Man that lives to Day.
 Then fill the Glass Boy, fill the Cup,
 I'll squeeze it to th' extremeſt Drop.
 Don't this Attendance *grudging* give,
 To the *Remains* I have to live.
 I have but a ſhort time to *crave*;
 For all lie ſilent in the Grave.

XXXIV. The SPRING.

SEE how *Nature's* ſelf all Gay,
 Uſhers in the Spring's new Day:
 At whoſe Approach, the Graces wear,
Freſh Honours on their flowing Hair,

E

With

With Roses deckt, whose Leaves infold
 Smiling Crowns of studded Gold.
 Nothing now does Mirth annoy,
 Nothing stops the coming Joy;
 The busy Winds that us'd to stir
 The Waves, and raise a watry War;
 Unwillingly to Rocks repair,
 And waſt themſelves in Murmurs there:
 The rugged'ſt Sea it ſelf a while
 Smooths its Looks, and ſeems to ſmile:
 See how the Ducks with wanton play
 In their green Lakes ſport all the Day;
 The prudent Crane with full Career
 Comes ſailing through the floating Air.
 And with her wiſh'd Return does bring
 Tidings of th' approaching Spring.
 The Sun now all o'er Eye delights
 Himſelf, in Nature's painted Sights.
 His bounteous Rays profuſely gild,
 The loweſt Shrubs, the meaneſt Field:
 The ſullen Clouds now poſt away,
 Nor interrupt the chearful Day:
 Or what remain diſſolve in Showers,
 And bleſs their Fall upon the Flow'rs.
 'Tis now, the Country Farmer's Strife
 T' enjoy the Sun-ſhine of his Life.
 Here one endeavouring, we ſee,
 With curious Art to prune the Tree;
 Another there, reſtrains in time,
 The wanton Curlings of the Vine.
 'Tis now the Earth with Herbs is bleſſ'd,
 And in its verdant Mantles dreſſ'd.

The

The *Olive* now luxuriant grows,
 And all its swelling Riches shows.
 Now full blown *Roses* decent twine,
 About the Bowl that foams with Wine.
 See now some loaded Trees expressing
 The lusty Springs redundant Blessing;
 Each Field, each Garden seems to call
 Nature profuse and prodigal.

XXXV. The OLD MAN.

OLD as I am, I can contain
 More Wine than any younger Brain.
 An *Hoghead* for a Wand I wave,
 And in a newer Fashion rave.
 I reel into a Dance, while there
 My drunken Hickups Music are.
 I fight, twelve in a Hand begins
 The Battle, and *Anacreon* wins:
 More Honour, more I do desire,
 Present again, and still give fire.
 Thus Sack; my Boy, will on us wait,
 And thus its Soldiers animate.
 I'm Old, 'tis true, but see
 How active still that Age can be,
Silenus is a Drone to me.

XXXVI. The ENJOYMENT.

WHEN the Bumpers briskly pass,
 I drink in Mirth with ev'ry Glass;

I burn with Raptures above all
That e'er was term'd *Poetical*;
My *new-rai'd* Genius soars up high,
And vents it self in Poetry.
Wisdom that *grave* Inpertinence,
And all the *busy* Thoughts of *Sense*,
All the graver Thoughts of *Wit*,
I to the *rougher* Winds commit.
Winds that to *Sea* my Troubles bear,
And leave 'em to raise *Tempests* there:
Rapt in a *Drunken* Extasy,
Through perfum'd Air I seem to fly;
And by the Journey of my Thought,
Am to a *pleasant Somewhere* brought,
And when rich Garlands crown my Hair,
Impearl'd with Flowers here and there;
I lavishly begin to praise
A *Quiet Life's Golden* Days.
When *Essence* round my Temples flows,
And I hug a Mistress close;
Venus alone my Lyre does move;
My Song is all employ'd on *Love*.
And I drink a chearful Cup,
Which summons all my Spirits up;
How do the *Jocund* Girls enhance
My Joys, in a *continued* Dance.
To Day is mine, I'll live to *Day*,
'Tis what the Gods can't take away.
To Day shan't pass away by Stealth,
To Day is all my ready Wealth:
For the *Remains* of Life's short date,
Are all but in the *Gift* of Fate.

XXXVII. *CUPID wounded.*

AS *Cupid* once with wanton play,
 Amidst the *Rose-trees* sporting lay;
 Nor did the *Chymist* Bee behold
 Extracting there his *liquid* Gold.
 The *busy* Animal by chance
 Stung him with his *little* Lance.
 Wounded thus, th' impatient Child,
 O'ercome by *Passion* strait grew wild;
 Sighing he flutter'd through the Air,
 And scatter'd some *vain* Murmurs there.
 And when he to *Cytheron* came,
 The Palace of the *Cyprian* Dame,
 Mother I'm *kill'd*, I'm *kill'd* (he cry'd)
 (And strait his Tears flow'd in a Tide)
 Alas! alas! I'm quite undone,
 See, see my *Life* is almost gone.
 A small *wing'd* Serpent with his Dart
 Has stung me to the *very* Heart;
 I know not well its Name (let's see)
 I think the Plowmen call't a *Bee*.
 The *Queen* of Love, reply'd, my Boy,
 If such a Sting can Life destroy;
 Think but what Pain thy Arrows cause,
 And how thou *doubly* kill'st with those.

XXXVIII. *An HYMN to the God
of WINE.*

LET's drink, let's sing, but with Design
 In *Hymns* to praise the God of Wine.
 The God that seated in the *Head*,
 In *Numbers* taught us how to tread.
 That makes th' *unskilful* sing, and be
 A *Wit*, and oft good Company.
 The God, that always was design'd
 To be with *Love*, and *Venus* join'd;
 That heats us in our amorous Fights,
 And whets our lusty Appetites.
 The God that ever Friends creates,
 And *drowns* all Strife, and fierce Debates.
 Here *Sorrow* knows not how to weep,
 And *watchful Grief* is rock'd asleep.
 Wine like a *Sea* within him spreads,
 And like an *Island* stands his Heart,
Care the Depth and Danger dreads,
 And wisely *backward* does depart.
 Purge Sorrows then away; you see,
 You see the *Sov'reign* Remedy.
 Let's laugh to Day, for Life is *blind*,
 And to *Morrow* may not find,
 Time's more *unconstant* than the *Wind*.
 Lead up a Dance, and when you make
 A Step, then, then a *Brimmer* take:
 That pretty *Toy* a *Girl* seek out,
 With her, frisk and sport about;

Sigh, smile, kiss, hug, and then shew
 What well *digested* Wine can do.
 To *those* our Cares we will dispense,
 Whom *Affliction* teaches *Sense*.
 Let Fools alone be tir'd with thinking,
 We with Singing, Dancing, Drinking,
 And all in Chorus, praising join,
 The God of Song, of Dance, of Wine.

XXXIX. Of HIMSELF.

O'ER-charg'd with Wine a Dance I love,
 That ev'ry thing with me may move
 In different Figures, as of Old,
 The first confused *Atoms* rowl'd.
 The *Harp* when Wine redundant flows,
 Soft, and more Harmonious grows.
 But still I would have Women there,
 And jest, and toy it with the Fair,
 My Heart fierce Anger never tore,
 Kind Love had seiz'd it all before;
 Scolding and Noise I always fly,
 The chiefest Foes to Company.
 I hate all intestine Jars,
 And abhor all Drunken Wars;
 With rattling Pots and Flaggons curst,
 While the best Juices die the worst.
 Give me, ye Gods, but while I live,
 Good Music, and good Liquor give;
 And then a gentle *She* I crave,
 Then let me sink into my Grave.

And

And there in peaceful Softness lie,
Melted with Love and Harmony.

XL. The GRASHOPPER.

HAPPY Insect, what can be
In Happiness compar'd to Thee?
Fed with Nourishment Divine,
The dewy Mornings gentle Wine!
Nature waits upon Thee still,
And thy verdant Cup does fill;
'Tis fill'd where-ever thou dost tread,
Nature self's thy *Ganymede*.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing;
Happier than the happiest King!
All the *Fields*, which thou dost see,
All the *Plants* belong to Thee,
All that *Summer Hours* produce,
Fertile made with early Juice.
Man for Thee does Sow and Plow;
Farmer He, and *Landlord Thou*!
Thou dost innocently enjoy;
Nor does thy *Luxury* destroy;
The *Shepherd* gladly heareth thee,
More *Harmonious* than He.
Thee Country-Hinds with Gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripen'd Year!
Thee *Phabus* loves, and does inspire;
Phabus is himself thy *Sire*.
To thee of all Things upon Earth,
Life is no longer than thy *Mirth*.

Happy *Insect*, happy Thou,
 Dost neither *Age* nor *Winter* know.
 But when thou'st drunk, and danc'd, and sung
 Thy Fill, the flow'ry Leaves among,
 (*Voluptuous*, and *wise* withal,
Epicurean Animal)
 Sated with thy *Summer-feast*,
 Thou retir'st to endless *Rest*.

XLI. *The DREAM expounded.*

ONCE in my *Dream* I seem'd to fly;
 From I know not what, nor why;
 Nor did the *Heaviness* of Sleep
 Constrain my *fleeting* Thoughts, or keep
 My *Fancy* back, but through the Air
 I seem'd to pass with full Career.
 The amorous Boy persud me *frail*,
 Though hinder'd by *unusual* Weight,
 He did his Flight so contrive,
 He soon o'ertook the *Fugitive*.
 Now what may I deduce from hence,
 What *Mystical*, what *hidden* Sense
 Is couch'd in this, I know not well;
 Yet this my *Fancy* seems to tell:
 That I, who once lov'd every Face,
 Was taken with each *little* Grace;
 From all these potent *Tyrants* free,
 Must but by *one* now conquer'd be;
 Nor is it strange, She's *All* to me.

XLII. Upon Cupid's Darts.

AS Vulcan plying at his Trade,
 Hard pointed Darts for Cupid made,
 Of red-hot Steel; which did retain
 Some Sparks, that use to burn again;
Venus in Honey dip'd 'em all,
 And Love allay'd the Sweets with Gall.
Mars by chance came thither too, .LIX.
 Dreadful his Gate, and fierce his View;
 His glitt'ring Spear in hand he took,
 And the Massy Weapon shook;
 Then laughing took up Love's slight Dart,
 (But little thought it caus'd such Smart)
 This is, said he, a pretty Toy,
 A Play-thing fit for such a Boy;
Cupid at length made this Reply,
 Sir, if you please, the Lightness try;
 With that he shot the new-made Arrow,
 Which pierc'd him to the Marrow,
 And wounded deep: *Venus* smil'd,
 To see the God of War beguil'd.
 Who vainly pray'd; hence, hence remove
 The Dart, I feel enough of Love.
 No, no, *Love* cry'd, your Pain enjoy,
 You know my Arrow's but a Toy.

XLIII. GOLD.

AMighty Pain to Love it is,
 And 'tis a Pain that Pain to miss.

But

But of all Pains the greatest Pain
 It is to Love, but love in vain.
Virtue now nor noble *Blood*,
 Nor *Wit* by *Love* is understood,
Gold alone does *Passion* move,
Gold monopolizes *Love*.
 A *Curse* on her, and on the Man,
 Who this *Traffick* first began!
 A *Curse* on him who found the *Ore*!
 A *Curse* on him who dig'd the *Store*!
 A *Curse* on him who did refine it!
 A *Curse* on him who first did coin it!
 A *Curse*, all *Curses* else above,
 On him who us'd it first in *Love*!
Gold begets in *Brethren* *Hate*,
Gold in *Families* *Debate*;
Gold does *Friendship* separate,
Gold does *Civil Wars* create,
 These the *smallest Harms* of it!
Gold, alas does *Love* beget.

XLIV. Pleasant OLD AGE.

I Love the Man, whom froward *Age*
 Can never in its *Feuds* engage;
 Whose *Stage* of *Life* when almost run,
 Seems merry, as when first begun.
 I love the *Young Gallant*, who knows
 What to his early *Years* he owes,
 Who shines at *Balls*, and strives t' outdo,
 What *beightned Nature* prompts him to.

'Tis

'Tis He who pleases me at last,
 Who lives, when Life is almost past.
 Who in a Dance is often told,
 That by his Hairs he now grows old.
 He now grows Old; but when all's done
 His Mind is ever, ever Young.
 And what his Body can't do then,
 His youthful Thoughts act o'er again.

XLV. The DRUNKARD's Delight.

GIVE me *Homer's* tuneful Lyre,
 Let its Sound my Breast inspire,
 But with no troublesome Delight,
 Of the *Trojans* well-sung Fight.
 Let it play no Conquests here,
 But its own Conquests o'er the Ear.
 This I'll strike, on this I'll play,
 And in soft Music spend the Day.
 Bring the Cups, where we receive
 What Laws the awful Mark does give.
 I'll fill 'em fair, I'll drink 'em all,
 Till I grow Mad, and Whimsical;
 Till Nothing's sober in me found,
 But I stag'ring, dance around.
 My joyful Harp, in Complaisance,
 With trembling Strings, shall sing and dance.
 Then some new Rant I'll sing; and cry
 Defiance to Sobriety.

XLVI. The

XLVI. *The Effects of WINE.*

THE Youth who nobly stands his Ground,
 Who never baulks a *Brimmer* round,
 Who in Dancing does delight,
 Is *Bacchus* only Favourite.

Patron of each brave Design,
 Who gives us *Philtres* in our Wine,
 Who makes us love in Nature's Spite,
 And burn with Wine; and with Delight.
 Best Juice, descended from the *Vine*,
 Parent, and Product both *Divine*;
Wine that keeps its *Patients* free,
 From ev'ry daring Malady.

Wine is our *Doctor* all the Year,
 We no Assaults of *Sickness* fear;
 But wisely rave with decent Rage,
 Free from the *Disease* of *Age*,
 Free from *Diseases* of the *Mind*,
 Till another Year grows kind,
 And loads again the fruitful *Vine*,
 And brings again our *Health*, new *Wine*.

XLVII. *Advice to a PAINTER.*

PRithee, *Painter*, do but hear,
 How my *Lyre* courts thine *Ear*;
 How it does all its Charms employ,
 And ravishes with *speaking Joy*!
 Let the *Bacchæ* their Pipes blow,
 Which to hoarse Air their Musick owe.

F

Sweeter

Sweeter Accents far rebound
 From the Harps melodious Sound.
 Therefore add to my Delight,
 And draw some pleasant curious Sight;
 O'er some *Country*, o'er some *Isle*,
 Let *simpling* Colours cast a Smile;
 Let thy *Pencil* now out-do
 What *Peace* in *all* its Charms can shew,
 (And if the Wax ben't too unkind
 But proves propitious to my Mind)
 Let some *Love-Intrigue* appear,
 And be the only *Varnish* here;

XLVIII. VENUS Engrav'd on a Dish.

SEE by some industrious Art,
 Which can by *Sculpture* Life impart.
 In a Dish the *Ocean* see,
 How well the Parts, how just agree!
 Whose *Margin* counterfeits a *Shore*,
 The *well-wrought* Sea seems to roar;
 So much the *Waters* seem to flow,
 You'd think the *Metal* running too;
 Amidst these Waves I *Venus* spy,
 Some Artiss's Fancy mounted high,
 Stole the *Idea* from the Sky.
 From whence he drew her Limbs so bright,
 Clad but in *thin* wrought Rays of *Light*;
 She with *unwieldy* Joy does please
 In her *killing* Nakedness.
 Nor do the *happier* Waves conceal
 But what 'twere *impious* to reveal;

And

And but with prudent Secrefy,
 Prevent th' *Adul'try* of the *Eye*.
 See how she treads the *marbl'd* way!
 And darts around a glorious Day,
 Like Nymphs that o'er the Ocean play.
 And when she *wantons* in the Seas,
 And rows o'er *Chrystal* Palaces;
 The *smitten* Waves rowl along.
 (Happy the *Foremost* in the Throng)
 With eager Joy, meaning no harm,
 They almost *crowd* into a *Storm*.
 And about her *Rosie* Waft
 Their *curl'd* Embraces cast.
 Whilst she her *various* Colours strows,
 And paints the *Path* where e'er she rows;
 Such Colours *white-fac'd* Lillies spread,
 Mixt with the *Carnation's* Red;
 Such *Venus* is all o'er. But see
 How the bended *Dolphins* play!
 How they dance along the Tide,
 On whom the little *Cupids* ride;
 The little *Fishes* with quick Glance
 Show their *gilt* Coats, and leap, and dance;
 Thus they *speak* Joy for want of Tongue,
 Nature in *vain* has made 'em *dumb*;
Venus smiles too, and does appear
 So *Nat'ral*, as if born *here*.

XLIX. The GRAPES.

TO us the Vine its Store does give,
 And we with Eagerness receive :
 Young Men and Maids together come,
 And bring the *weighty* Treasures home ;
 But if we owe a Birth to *Art*,
 And *Midwife* Force must act a Part,
 A Secresy the *Deed* requires,
 And every *Virgin* strait retires.
 For *Men* alone the Grapes do tread,
 And Wine's by *skilful* Drunkards made ;
 To Song and Dance the God does yield,
 And all things are with *Bacchus* fill'd.
 With sparkling Fires crown'd he stands,
 And all our Eyes commands ;
 On his Streams like a *Sea God* lies,
 That from the *Deep* did lately rise.
Old Men, as they walk along
 Do tast, and see, and strait grow *young*.
 Their *Crutches* gone, they dance, and play,
 Whilst *Age*, and *gray* Hairs drop away.
 The Younger Men with drinking *Red*,
 The Groves with silent Paces tread.
 Where underneath a Myrtle Shade,
 O'ercome by sleep a *Nymph* is laid ;
 That ne'er a proffer'd Bliss declin'd, (*kind*.
 In *Dream*, still Thoughts to Thoughts were
 Thus *all* Women will, but few
 Dare act *awake* what *then* they'd do.

For now of fierce Disdain,
 The Youth repuls'd does long complain,
 He is every Minute kill'd,
 Sees more than all, because conceal'd,
 While strongest Struglings seem to yield.
 But since all Courtship was in vain,
 He strove by Storm the Fort to gain;
 He plunder'd, ravish'd, and lead on
 His Force, and man'd the Garrison.
 He thank'd the Grapes that Courage sent,
 That made him bold and impudent.

L. The ROSE.

Naked the Spring would seem, and bare,
 If *Roses* did not dress the Year;
 The *Rose* that to the Gods presents
 It self, sweeter than *Frankincense*.
 The Joy of Man, who gently laid
 Upon a *Rosie* Bed;
 That and the *Graces* round him move,
 And deck, and bless his Hours of Love.
 The *Rose*, where none designs amiss,
 If he does that or *Venus* kiss.
 This Plant the Poets strive to praise,
 And would for this exchange their Bays.
 Through Files of Pikes and Briars, we
 Push on our Hands to gain the Tree;
 But the *Rose* when gather'd wounds will heal,
 And we then only *Roses* feel.
 Insipid is our Mirth, and flat,
 If these our Wits don't animate;

At *Bacchus's* Feasts for *dead* though *lain*,
 With *these* refresh'd we drink again,
 All things are in *Perfection* great,
 If they the *Rose* but *imitate*.
 The winged *Morning* climbs the *Sky*,
 And her *Rose Fingers* does display,
 Bright only by a *Simile*.
 Each *Nymph* a strict *Beholder* seeks,
 Proud of *this* Colour in her *Cheeks*.
 Love's *Rose Goddess* here does sit,
 More *Lovely* by that *Epithet*.
 In short, the *Plagues* that *Man* endures,
 This certain *Panacea* cures.
 He that its *Vertues* understands,
 Will beggar all *Physicians*;
 Nay in the *Grave* 'twill lay,
 And keep e'en *hungry* Time away:
 Perfume the *Carkass*, and preserve,
 Whilst almost *Death* and *Worms* do starve.
 When *Venus* first from the *Sea's Womb*,
 In *Beauty* cloath'd did come;
 And watry *Mountains* stopp'd to see
 The naked new-born *Prodigy*.
 When armed *Pallas* from the *Head*,
 Of *teeming* *Jove* was lead;
 Then sprang the *Rose*, 'twas then
 Our *Goddess* first began to reign.
Strange and *wonderful* her *Birth*,
 Amaz'd her *Mother Earth*!
 Of this the *Gods* did first debate,
 And in *Heaven* a *Council* sate.

All did *Nectar* on a Bramble drop,
 And soon the *Rose* leap'd up.
 It first on *Bacchus* smil'd, then strait
 Did it self to *Bacchus* dedicate.

LI. Grown YOUNG.

WHEN some *brisk*, and *airy* Scene,
 Does my *Opticks* entertain,
 With *frisking* Lads who their Lives sooth,
 And nobly spend th' *Estate* of Youth;
 The Wantons, *Pimps* for fond Delight,
 Provoke my feeble Sight,
 My Sight, which by some magick Art
 Scatters Youth thro' ev'ry part.
 My *cripp'd* Feet in Steps advance,
 And wonder why they dance.
 And whilst they in these Sports engage,
 Forget the *Clumsiness* of Age.
 Now then, *Cybele*, round my Head
 Garlands of *new-blown* Roses spread;
 In this Princely Posture strait,
 Let some Boy upon me wait,
 Let him, to favour my Design,
 Push it on with *lively* Wine;
 Then let him stand amaz'd, to see
 How I *young* and *active* be!
 How *Jollily* my Life does pass!
 How I'm dispos'd to take a Glass.
 Dispos'd to break a youthful *Jest*,
 Dispos'd to frolick with the best.

LII. The MARK.

Nothing *undistinguish'd* lies,
 Or *cheats* the Sight in false Disguise;
 A *Mark* is stamp'd on all, that we
 May in each a *Difference* see;
 The wandering Horse does keep
 A *Superscription* on the Hip;
 The *Parthian* by his *Turban's* known,
 A *Lover* by his *Heart* is shown;
 Nor does the *hidden Mark* raise doubt,
 But oft in *Blushes* fallies out;
 And oft the *Flame* that brands his Breast,
 Is by his *Tell-tale Looks* exprest.

LIII. LOVE caught.

As I a *Rosy Garland* bound,
 Amidst the *Flowers* I *Cupid* found,
 I knew him strait, and seiz'd with Joy,
 By his *Wings* the wanton Boy;
 Then flung him boldly in the Cup,
 And took the *Glass*, and drank him up,
 And now within my *Bowels* He
 Flutters round, and tickles me?

LIV. DRINKING.

HERE Boy, let *Glasses* quick be brought,
 For I am for a lusty Draught.

Fill Five parts Wine — Come fill it high,
Put Ten of Water — for I'm dry.
I long to drench my Soul, and see
That all in equal Mirth agree.
Come give it me — My Friends no more,
Why this noisy ranting Roar?
This furious Mirth, this *Scythian* Game,
To modest *Drunkards* is a Shame,
Then let the Bowl more mod'rate pass,
And sing between each circling Glass,
The wild Extreams of Joy I hate,
Nor wou'd be soak'd too soon, nor late.

LV. OLD AGE.

MY Temples now begin to turn,
My Hairs in hoary Whiteness mourn,
The smiling Bloom, and youthful Grace,
Is vanish'd from my faded Face;
In ev'ry Line 'tis plainly read,
My happy Days are almost fled,
So much *Pleasure* then is done,
So little there remains to run.

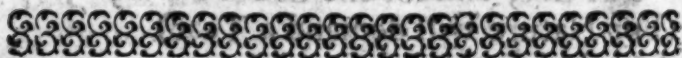
For this, and for the Grave I fear,
(For Nature will demand a Tear)
And tho' we must descend below,
Yet it is troublesome to go,
Yet not the deep Descent I mourn,
But that we never can return:
If back we cou'd a Passage have,
Who wou'd tremble at the Grave?



SELECT
EPIGRAMS
OF
ANACREON.

Upon TIMOCRITUS.

TIMOCRITUS the Bold, the Great,
the Brave,
Kill'd in the Field, here Triumphs
in the Grave ;
The *Valiant* often Die in Martial Strife,
The *Cowards* Live, their Punishment is Life.

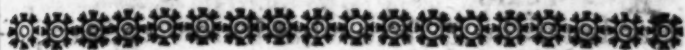


Upon AGATHO.

ABDERA mourns her *Agatho*, who
dy'd
His Country's *Champion*, and his Country's
Pride ;

Well

Well might they weep, for *Mars* himself
ne'er knew,
Among the Sons of *Heroes* whom he slew,
A Chief so Young, and yet so *Valiant* too.



Upon CLEONOR.

THOU too Young *Cleonor*, wer't seiz'd
by Fate,
Falling a pious Victim for the *State*.
For Her the Winds and Storms he fearless
view'd,
And Danger thro' the Watry Deep persu'd,
But Fate who knows the Debt we all must
pay,
And takes no *Sureties* for the fatal Day,
Snatch'd in an angry Wave, her bloom-
ing Prey.

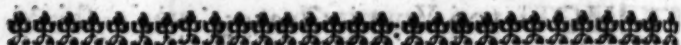


Upon a Statue of MIRO's repre-
senting an Ox.

FEED Cow-Herd, feed thy Oxen far away,
Lest they too nearly should to *Myro's*
stray,
And thou, whose Judgment pardonably err'd,
Drive Home the breathing Statue with the
Herd.

On the Same.

THIS *Heifer* is not Cast, but rolling
 Years
 Harden'd the *Life* to what it now appears,
Myro unjustly would the *Honour* claim,
 But *Nature* has prevented him in *Fame*.



Upon COMPANY.

I Never could those good Companions
 think,
 Who talk of Wars and Quarrels in their
 Drink;
 Give me the Merry Boys, who Pleasure
 move,
 With Songs of Poetry, and Tales of *Love*.



Upon SOPHOCLES's Altars.

TO Heaven, good *Sophocles* these Altars
 rais'd,
 Whose *Tragic-Muse* shall be for ever
 prais'd.

THE



THE
ODES
OF
SAPPHO.

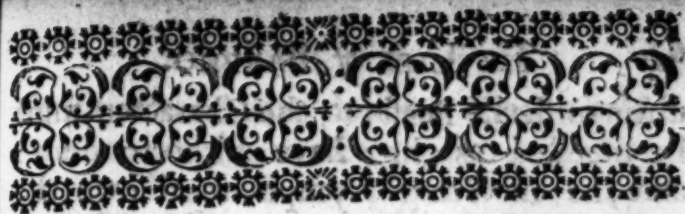
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By Mr. *A. PHILIPS*.





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THE
LIFE
OF
SAPPHO

THIS admir'd Lady, who has so long enjoy'd the Glorious Title of the *Tenth Muse*; has yet the common Misfortune of suffering by a confus'd Story. For the Criticks pretend that there were two of this Name, both of the same Country; both near the same Times, and both inclin'd to the same Studies. Perhaps indeed this may have been an original Mistake in * *Athenæus*; on whose Authority the Remark is generally built. However since it's impossible so much as to

distinguish the Persons ; the Characters must be blended as they have hitherto done ; and the surviving Nymph must own the Faults, as well as the Virtues of her forgotten Name-sake.

Sappho, then was of * *Mitylene*, the Capital of the *Æolian* Cities in the Island *Lesbos* : And flourish'd about the 44th Olympiad †, in the time of *Pittacus*, the famous Tyrant of that City, and, according to the common Account, one of the Seven Renown'd Sages of *Greece*.

There are no less than Eight Fathers contending for her in *Suidas* ; but *Cleis* has the Honour to be own'd for her Mother, without any Dispute. She Married one *Cercolas*, a very Rich Gentleman, who came from || *Andros*. But her Famous Gallant was *Phaon* ; who being at first a kind of a Ferry-man, the Grecian Story-tellers make to have taken a great deal of Care in carrying *Venus* once over the Stream in his Boat ; and to have receiv'd from her the Favour of growing the most beautiful Man in the World *. His Unkindness in throwing off *Sappho*, and his leaving *Lesbos* for *Sicily* ; as they were the sad Cause of her Death, so they were the Occasion of some of her finest

* *Strab.* l. 13. p. 617. † *Euseb.* Cron. || *Suid.*
* *Ælian.* Vat. Hist. l. 12. c. 18.

Pieces, and of that delicate Epistle which *Ovid* makes her write to her ungrateful Spark. The best Thoughts of which he is suppos'd to have borrow'd from her Verses: *The Tenth Muse dictating what the Roman Poet wrote* *.

Of her own Sex, her three intimate Friends and Companions, were *Attis*, *Telesilla* and *Megara* †; on the Account of whom her Character suffer'd so much, from the Charge of Dishonest and Unnatural Pleasure. It being a constant Tradition that her Amorous Humour was not satisfied with the Addresses of Men; but that she was willing to have her *Mistresses* too, as well as her *Gallants*. Indeed the incomparable *French* Lady, who has lately adorn'd her Relicks, is very ingeniously singular in defending her from this unhappy Imputation. But however she may defie the rest of the World, yet, since || *Mr. Dacier* has declar'd for the common Opinion, she will certainly submit to the Superior Judgment of her Husband.

Sappho was by no means a Beauty; but is commonly describ'd as a Lady of very ordinary Stature, and of a Brown Complexion. *Ovid* knew very well this part of her Character; and he only had the Art to excuse

* *Le Fevre* Abrege pag. 24. † *Suid.* || *On Hesiod.* Od. 13. l. 22

it: unless perhaps she borrow'd the Apology
from her own Words:

Si mihi difficultis formam natura negavit, &c.

If Nature's Curse a lovely Form denies,
What Shape and Features want, my Wit
supplies.

I own my short Dimensions; that they suit
Just with my Verse; and make, like that,
two Foot.

But then my Name to farthest People sounds;
And equal to the World extends its Bounds.
I'm Brown; yet *Perseus* could a Nymph
admire,

Scorch'd Browner by her saltry Climates
Fire.

White Doves will Bill with those of shining
Jet;

And the Green Turtle woe a Speckled Mate.
If Thee, but what were worthy of thy Love,
No Face could move; no Face could ever
move.

Finding, after all, her Dear *Phaon* inexora-
ble, as if he had design'd to revenge the In-
jury she had done his Sex; she resolv'd on
this desperate Remedy, to recover her self
from his Charms. It seems 'twas a com-
mon Fancy among the *Grecian* Lovers, that
in case their Passion met with extream Dis-
appointment, there was no way to cure the

Un-

The LIFE of SAPPHO.

67

Unhappiness, but by leaping down into the Sea from the *Loutas* or the *Leucades*, a Promontory in the Island of that Name; hard by which stood the Temple of *Apolla*, who they thought would assist them in that Adventure. *Sappho* had Courage enough to venture on this bold Attempt: and, as some deliver, was the Inventress of the Custom. But * *Strabo* tells us, that, they who understood Antiquity better, reported one *Cephalus* to have made the first desperate Leap from that famous Precipice.

The Original of this strange Humour is not known: But, till a better comes to light, the fancy'd one of *Ovid* will be a pleasant Account. He represents *Sappho*, as advis'd in a Vision to this Project, and thus acquainting her Lover with the Counsel she had receiv'd, and her Resolution upon it.

Hic ego cum lassos posuissem flebilis artus, &c.

Here, as I bath'd my weary Limbs in Tears,
A Heavenly Nymph was sent to ease my Cares.

“Maiden, she cried, that with unequal Love
“Pursu’st thy Spouse; far hence you must remove,

* Lib. 10. pag. 492.

“ High

" High on a Cliff from the *Leucadian* Shore

" *Phabus* o'er Subject Waves maintains his Power,

" Hence Mad *Deucalion*, urg'd by *Pyrrha's* Form,

" Plung'd in the Deep, and swam secure from harm.

" When *Love* his Quarters chang'd; and burning Pain

" Seiz'd the proud Dame, and him as cold Disdain,

" This Gift high *Phabus* on the Place conferr'd;

" And injur'd Love here finds a just Reward.

" Go strait, Go run to *Leucade*; nor fear

" With the Bold Leap to cure your wild Despair.

This said; my Airy Friend was past my sight:

I start, and shake; and weeping own the Fright.

Come, Nymphs, attend my Vow; come all; we'll run,

And climb those Rocks the Generous Fates have shown.

Dauntless we'll climb. Tho' both are in extreme;

Yet Women's Fears must yield to Women's Flame.

No Winds can drive to a more Wretched State;

Nor labour I with Limbs of hurtful Weight.

And

And thou, soft Love, support a Lover's
Load;

Thy Wings may rest me in the giddy Road,
Prevent my Fate, and clear the guiltless
Flood.

But her *Apollo*, at last, fail'd her, as basely
as her *Phaon*. And when she took the fatal
Leap, she quench'd indeed her Passion; but
'twas with the Loss of her Life.

Her Lyrics, of which she wrote Nine
Books, besides her Compositions in other
Strains*, have gain'd the Prize for Sweet-
ness and Force with all the Grave Judges of
Antiquity; and such as cannot be suspected
of Gallantry and Compliment. The only
Two Pieces which remain entire have been
both preserv'd by the Masters of Eloquence,
while they alledge them for the best Instan-
ces and Patterns of some extraordinary
Graces. One is a Hymn to *Venus*, which we
find in *Dionysius Halicarnassens*: The other
an Amorous Ode address'd to one of the
Young Maids that she admir'd; and this we
meet with in *Longinus*. The last of the two
is the most esteem'd; and is still acknow-
ledg'd (as *Longinus* first produc'd it) for the
inimitable Example of the most artificial
Union, or rather Combat, of all the Pas-

* *Suid.*

fions, and of all the moving Circumstances that can enliven a Piece. And the Lady has been so happy in her Fame, as to have this her finest Work copied by the only two Masters that were able to do her Justice ; by *Catullus* in *Latin* ; and by *Boileau* in *French*.

The *Mitylenians*, to express their Sense of her Worth, paid her Sovereign Honours, after she was Dead ; and coin'd Money with her Head for the Stamp : The same which we find express'd in *Fulvius Ursinus*, and which perhaps gave Occasion to the Epigram we meet with in the *Anthologia* ; on *Sappho's* Effigies, inscrib'd to the Engraver.

Thus Nature guides thy Hand, and shapes
the Brass,

To bear the tuneful *Mitylemian's* Face.

Pegasean Fury sparkling in her Eyes,
Displays the Flame her endless Wit supplies.
Her Skin not hung profuse, nor nicely
wrought,

Commends her simple, unaffected Thought.

Her Face, made up of *Mirth* and *Moisture*,
shews,

Mixture Divine ! Half *Venus*, Half a *Muse*

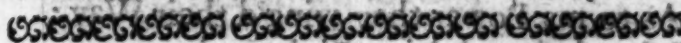




THE ODES

OE

S APPHO.



ODE I.

(An Hymn to VENUS.)

O VENUS, Beauty of the Skies,
To whom a thousand Temples rise,
Gayly false in gentle Smiles,
Full of Love perplexing Wiles;
O Goddess! from my Heart remove
The wasting Cares and Pains of Love.

II. If

II.

If ever thou hast kindly heard
 A Song in soft Distress preferr'd,
 Propitious to my ~~unhappy~~ Now,
 O gentle Goddess! hear me now.
 Descend, thou bright, immortal Guest,
 In all thy radiant Charms confest.

III.

Thou once didst leave Almighty Jove,
 And all the Golden Roofs above:
 The Carr thy wanton Sparrows drew;
 Hov'ring in Air they lightly flew,
 As to my Bower they wing'd their Way:
 I saw their quiv'ring Pinions play.

IV.

The Birds dismiss (while you remain)
 Bore back their empty Carr again:
 Then You, with Looks divinely mild,
 In ev'ry heav'nly Feature smil'd,
 And ask'd, what new Complaints I made,
 And why I call'd you to my Aid?

V. What

H. V. O. D. E.

What Phrenzy in my Bosom rag'd,
 And by what Cure to be asswag'd?
 What gentle Youth I would allure,
 Whom in my artful Toils secure?
 Who does thy tender Heart subdue,
 Tell me, my *Sappho*, tell me Who?

VI.

Tho' now he shuns thy longing Arms,
 He soon shall court thy slighted Charms;
 Tho' now thy Offerings he despise,
 He soon to Thee shall sacrifice;
 Tho' now he freeze, he soon shall burn.
 And be thy Victim in his Turn.

VII.

Celestial Visitant, once more
 Thy needful Presence I implore!
 In Pity come and ease my Grief,
 Bring my distemper'd Soul Relief;
 Favour thy Suppliant's hidden Fires,
 And give me All my Heart desires.

O D E II.

Whatever might have been the Occasion of this Ode, the English Reader will enter into the Beauties of it, if he supposes it to have been written in the Person of a Lover sitting by his Mistress.

I.

Blest as th' immortal Gods is he,
The Youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while,
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

II.

'Twas this depriv'd my Soul of Rest,
And rais'd such Tumults in my Breast;
For while I gaz'd, in Transport tost,
My Breath was gone, my Voice was lost:

III.

My Bosom glow'd; the subtle Flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital Frame;
O'er my dim Eyes a Darkness hung;
My Ears with hollow Murmurs rung.

CAVALCADA IV.

In dewy Damps my Limbs were chill'd,
My Blood with gentle Horrors thrill'd
My feeble Pulse forgot to play;
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.



When Nature's happy Work dispos'd,
See, for the happy Work dispos'd,
The running Vessels now are clos'd,
Come Drink, that Nature may refine,
And guide the new made Wine,
The Product now of former Wine,
That in a due Perfection runs,
The good Old Cask of English Hunc,
Now what Fate & Hunc
I for the Elder Brothers Die,
That Younger may their Place supply,
Away with Moral Cate and Reason,
Wine is never out of Season.

ANACREONTIC.

IS it Summer? Wine produce,
 Give me the kind recruiting Juice:
No Day must now a Draught escape,
No Day but helps to bring the Grape;
 Soon as the tender Blossoms shoot,
 Drink to the future promis'd *Fruit*,
 And when to swell the Gems begin,
 Drink to each increasing *Skin*,
 Drink to ev'ry different Hue,
 The *red'ning Green*, and glossy *Blew*;
 And when the rip'ned Loads appear,
 Drink to the full accomplish'd *Year*.

When Nature now has done her Part
 Fill again — *Success to Art* —
 See, see, the happy Work dispos'd,
 The fuming Vessels now are clos'd:
 Come Drink, that *Winter* may refine,
 And purify the new made *Wine*,
 The Product now of former *Suns*,
 That in a due Perfection runs.
 The good *Old Cask* of brighter Hue,
 Must show what Fate attends the *New*.
 Let the Elder Brothers Die,
 That Younger may their Place supply:
 Away with Moral Cant and Reason,
 Wine is never out of Season.

SONG

SONG.

On the ACT for Trade with France.
M. DCC. XII.

I.

COME, come it is at last agreed,
That we shall taste the *Gallic* Juice,
Let 'em fight on till *Europe's* freed,
But let there be with Wine a Truce.

II.

When the brave Soldier tastes the Fruits,
That warm and animate him so,
He will advance his quick Pursuits,
To view the *Country* where they grow.

III.

Lewis, thy Wine shall turn thy Foe,
Thy own *Champaigne* shall Thee undo,
And adding Vigour to the Blow,
Shall cut thy *Vines* and *Lillies* too.

H

3

THE



THE

Prize of Wisdom.

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

ANACREON and ARISTOTLE.

Done from the *French* of M. FONTENELLE.

ARISTOTLE.

IT cou'd never have come into my Head, that a trifling Scribler of Sonnets wou'd have presum'd to rank himself with a *Philosopher* of my great Reputation.

ANA-

ANACREON.

You make a pompous Noise methinks
with that Word *Philosopher*, and yet I with
my little Sonnets made a Shift to gain the
Name of *Anacreon the Wise*, a Title in my
Opinion superior to that of *Philosopher*.

ARISTOTLE.

Then those that were so liberal of that
Title, did not mind what they said, for pri-
thee what hast thou ever done to deserve
it?

ANACREON.

Who I? Nothing but run a Course of Mirth,
singing Songs, making Love, and here's the
Wonder that I purchas'd the Name of *Wise*
at that Rate; whereas it flood you in a
World of Pains to gain only that of a *Philo-
sopher*. For how many tedious Nights
have you sat waking, beating your
Brains, and sifting dry Distinctions, and
knotty Questions in Logic? how many vast
heavy Volumes have you compos'd upon
obscure Notions, that you your self perhaps
with all your poring never understood.

ARISTOTLE.

I own indeed you took a very easy way to over-take Wisdom; one without doubt must be wonderfully ingenious to know how to gain more Glory with a Fiddle; and a Bottle, than the greatest Men have acquir'd with all their wakeful Nights and painful Studies.

ANACREON.

What you're upon the Banter? But I'll be bound to maintain that 'tis more difficult to *Drink* and *Sing* like me, than to play the *Philosopher* like you; to be able to *Drink* and *Sing* like me, one must first have divested the Soul of all its violent Passions, and have learnt to aspire no more to Things beyond our Power, to be always dispos'd to lay hold of the Hours as they fly to us, and spend 'em upon Pleasure. In fine, ten thousand little things are first to be set in Order, and tho' the Business does not require abundance of Logic, yet it will cost you some Pains to bring it about decently; but a Man may Philosophize like you, upon easier Terms, for there's no Necessity for his checking Ambition, or forswearing Avarice: No, *Alexander's* Palace is always open to him, where he finds a very commodious Subsistence; then drops a small Present of

Five

Five Hundred Thousand Crowns; which he is wise enough not to bestow wholly upon natural Experiments, according as the Donor design'd. And now this *Philosophy*, in my Opinion, tends to things as opposite to *Philosophy* as can be.

ARISTOTLE.

Certainly you have been in ill Company here below, who have given you a scandalous Account of me; but after all, I affirm, that a Man is no Man but by the Advantage of Reason, and that nothing is more noble than to instruct others how to apply it to the Study of Nature, and how to unravel all the mysterious Difficulties that she sets before us.

ANACREON.

Observe how Men abuse every thing! No question but *Philosophy* in her self is an excellent thing, and may be of the highest use to them; but because she would be but a troublesome Companion if she intruded into their immediate Affairs, and kept close to them, to correct their Passions, therefore they have wisely sent her off into the Heav'ns to range the Planets, and calculate their Motions, or else they have led her a Dance round the Earth, to set her examining all they see

see upon it; in short, they have ever found her out Business far enough from themselves; and thus intending to be *Philosophers*, they have with a great deal of Cunning stretch'd the Name, and bestow it for the most part on the Searchers into natural Causes.

ARISTOTLE.

And what Name is there more proper for 'em?

ANACREON.

The Business of *Philosophy* is confin'd to Man, and has nothing to do with the rest of the Universe; the *Astronomer's* Thoughts are busied with the Stars, the *Naturalist's* with Nature and the *Philosopher's* with himself; but who would be a *Philosopher* on these Terms. Few enough God knows. Why then you must have an Allowance; *Philosophers* are to be excus'd from being *Philosophers*, and 'tis sufficient if they be *Naturalists* or *Astronomers*. For my part, it was never my Humour to muddle my Head with fine Speculations, but I'll venture to say, that a Multitude of Books which pretend to deal in that Science, have not half so much *Philosophy* in 'em as some of my Songs, that appear so contemptible to your Gravity; this for Instance?

If

If all the Sorcery of Gold,
 That which can all things else withhold,
 Could but prerogue the fatal Day,
 Or court one fleeting Minute's stay,
 No doubt I should a *Miser* be,
 And hug the Ore as much as He.
 Why should I, prithee tell me why,
 Heap up Care before I die?
 Why am I a useless Store,
 Only to torment me more?
 But since there's nought, early or late,
 Can bribe inexorable Fate;
 Since all must go one common way,
 The richest and the poorest Clay;
 Since then 'tis so, I'll Pleasures take,
 And of my time the best I'll make.
 Smiling Mirth, gay Jollity
 Shall treat each Hour that passes by:
 Nay I will Love, and then each Day,
 Even Time it self will wish to stay.
 Thus my short Life shall pleasant be,
 Thus I shall longer live than He.

ARISTOTLE.

If you're resolv'd then to allow that only
 to be *Philosophy*, which has respect to the
 Manners, there are several things in my
 Moral Writings, which are infinitely be-
 yond your *Song*, for in short, the Obscurity
 which is charg'd upo n me, and may per-
 haps

haps be met with in some of my Books, is not however to be found in any thing I have written upon that Subject; and all Men have own'd that nothing is more clear or fine than my Description of the Passions.

ANACREON.

What a Trick is there now? The Question does not turn upon the Definition of the Passions, which you have done; but upon the Conquest of 'em; Men are content *Philosophy* shou'd read 'em Lectures upon their evil Habits, but not cure 'em; and they've got the Secret of making a System of *Morals* for themselves, that has no more to do with the Passions than *Astronomy* has. What Mortal can forbear bursting out into a Laugh, to see Mercenary Knaves that for Money will declaim against Riches, and Cowards at Daggers drawing, about the Definition of Courage?

ARISTOTLE.

If you're resolv'd then to allow that only to be Philosophy, which has respect to the Manners, there are several things in my *Writings*, which are manifestly beyond *Yew's* way, for in those, the Opinion which is charg'd upon me, and may per-

ON THE
DEATH

OF

ADONIS.

Translated from the *Greek* of BION,
by the Right Honourable the late
Earl of WINCHELSEA.

MOURN all ye Loves, the fair
Adonis dies,
The lovely Youth in Death's Embraces
lies;

Rise wretched *Venus*, and to Mourning turn,
The *Tyrian* Robes thy beauteous Limbs adorn;

Thy panting Bosom beat in wild despair,
And pierce with these Complaints the
yielding Air.

86 *On the Death of ADONIS.*

*Mourn all ye Loves, the fair Adonis dies,
The lovely Youth in Death's Embraces lies.*

Ah! how his Breast seems lovely to the
Sight,

The Tusk that wounded him is not so White.
The sparkling Lustre now forsakes his Eyes,
And from his Lips the rich Carnation flies;
The charming Youth lies breathless on the
Plain,

And Cytherea's Kisses are in vain.

*Mourn all ye Loves, the fair Adonis dies,
The lovely Youth in Death's Embraces lies.*

Tho' wide the Wound upon his Thigh ap-
pears,

The tender Goddess' Breast a larger bears.
Close by his side his faithful Dogs attend,
And howling o'er the Corps the Skies they
rend;

The Mountain Nymphs their sad Distracti-
on show,

But Venus' Grievs no Limits will allow;
Bare-footed to the Desert she repairs,
With Looks disorder'd, and neglected
Hair,

And her soft Flesh the cruel Brambles
tear.

*Mourn all ye Loves, the fair Adonis dies,
The lovely Youth in Death's Embraces lies.*

The Rocks and Floods lament his hapless
Fate;

Adonis, still Adonis they repeat;

The

On the Death of ADONIS. 87

The Flow'rs an universal Sorrow shew,
And weep his Fall in pearly Drops of Dew;
But *Venus* o'er the partless Mountain flies;
And Hills and Valleys echo to her Cries.

Mourn all ye Loves, the fair Adonis dies;

The lovely Youth in Death's Embraces lies.

Who can the Cyprian Queen's sad Story
know,

Without lamenting her disastrous Woe;
With Arms out-stretch'd; she grasps the
fleeting Air;

And cries, *Adonis* stay! stay lovely Fair!
At length I've found thee; fly not my
Embrace;

My glowing Kifs shall warm thy bloodless
Face.

With eager Lips I'll draw thy parting
Breath,

Receive thy Soul, and suck thy Love in
Death.

This farewell Kifs I never will resign,
And tho' you leave me, that shall still be
mine.

Far off you fly, *Adonis*, and must go
To visit the remorseless King below.
But, as a Goddess, far more wretched I,
Immortally am curs'd, and cannot die.

Mourn all ye Loves, the fair Adonis dies;

The lovely Youth in Death's Embraces lies.

The Queen of Love assumes a widow'd State,
And round her, Little Loves unactive wait:

88 *On the Death of Adonis.*

She blames the too rash Youth, alone to dare,
Encounter savage Beasts, himself so fair.

*Mourn all ye Loves, the fair Adonis dies,
The lovely Youth in Death's Embraces lies.*

As many Tears fair Venus' Eyes supply,
As Drops of Blood fell from Adonis' Thigh;
From which successively were seen to rise
From Blood the Rose, from Tears Anemones.

*Mourn all ye Loves, the fair Adonis dies.
The lovely Youth in Death's Embraces lies.*

Fair Cytherea, from the Woods retire,
No longer there lament your lost Desire;
The Nuptial Bed for your cold Love prepare,

Who looks (as sleeping) charming still and fair.

On golden Bolsters raise his heavy Head,
So let him lie, tho' pale his Looks, and dead;

In his rich Garments lay him gently down,
The same that us'd thy happy Nights to crown.

Let Flow'rs and Garlands o'er the Corps be spread;

But they, since he's no more, will quickly fade.

With fragrant Essences perfume the Air,
Since he is gone, who was all sweet and fair.
Now deckt in Purple soft Adonis lies,
The Little Loves attend with weeping Eyes,

And

On the Death of Adonis. 89

And strive by different ways their Grief to
show,

This tramples on his Dart, that breaks his
Bow.

A third in Air his useless Quiver throws,
A fourth th' Embroider'd Slipper wou'd un-
loose;

In Golden Cups another Water bears,
One washes off the Blood, his Thigh be-
smears;

Another beats officiously the Air,
And with soft Pinions fans the breathless
Fair.

All *Hymen's* Torches on the Threshold lie,
Extinguish'd, and the Marriage Garland by:
Hymen's no longer sung, but all around
Adonis is become the mournful Sound.

The pitying *Graces* in the Confort move,
And mourn th' unhappy *Cythera's* Love;
Her boundless Grief the fatal Sisters share,
Endeavour to recall the beauteous Fair;
But cruel *Proserpine* is deaf to Pray'r.

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